The Saturday Review of Literature

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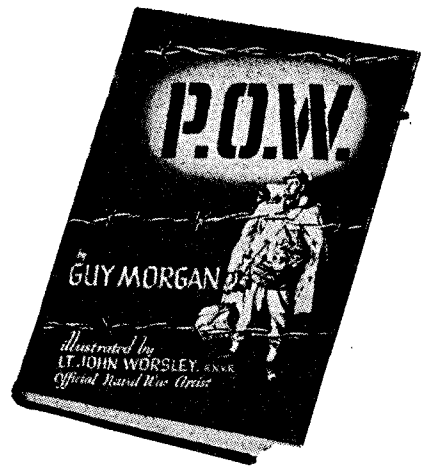

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"The artist's vocation — to send light into the depths of the human heart." — ROBERT SCHUMANN

DURING THE WAR, the emphasis of both publishers and public on the timely kind of book (or the escape kind of book) has pushed another important sort of book into the background. We mean the book which has taken years of faithful and inspired research and thought, the book which, when it is published, represents not only a substantial part of the author's time of life but the very heart of his life. These are the substantial books; sometimes they sell well, sometimes they don't, but they are there, for generations ahead to read and refer to. Last year we had the privilege of publishing one of those books, SAMUEL JOHNSON by Joseph Wood Krutch. And this season we have another, FLORESTAN: The Life and Work of Robert Schumann by Robert Haven Schauffler. They are not at all similar books, but they are the books which the war has made somewhat rare in a publisher's schedule.

One thing about this sort of book is that there is always something, no matter what the subject matter, in every one of them for the intelligently curious reader to enjoy, no matter what his particular interests may be. We would not ordinarily expect, for instance, that anyone not interested in music would read a life of Schumann. The people who are musically inclined will doubtless read this book someday, for it is a landmark among a relatively small number of books on a somewhat neglected composer. But to those who won't get around to it, because it is "a book about music", we'd like to talk a little bit about Schumann, the writer. He was one of the truly great critics of all time. The chapter on Schumann, the man of letters, will interest anyone who reads books.

It seems that Schumann was, as Schauffler says, an almost unparalleled phenomenon, a creative composer who was at the same time a creative critic and a selflessly greathearted appreciator of the best in his colleagues. It was in 1833 that Schumann and his friends in Leipzig started a new magazine for music, and Schumann, by reason of his literary bent and a publishing talent inherited from a publishing father, naturally assumed the leadership of the enterprise. We like one sentence of his initial declaration particularly: "He who does not attack the bad defends the good but halfway." On the other hand, Schumann would have endorsed such a saying as Van Gogh's: "Admire as many things as you can. Most people do not admire enough things." In Schumann's writings one looks in vain for the "Kalliwoda-is-not-Beethoven" sort of judgment; the kind of judgment which has infested criticism throughout the ages.

Here are some samples of Schumann, the critic. Of a great oratorio he wrote:

> "If you listen long enough to Haydn's *Creation,* you will finally come to hear the grass growing."

Of a repetitious piano sonata:

> "To tell a person four times hand-running that you have little to tell seems to me a bit too much."

Of Liszt's music he wrote:

> "A frenzied Roland could make no poem; a wildly loving heart would be the last to express itself adequately. The phantasmagoria of Liszt's music would take on form if he should begin to recognize this truth. In its light, the most remarkable secrets of creation should be studied. In order to move something, one must not stand upon it. Let us take warning from the crass materialism of those medieval figures from whose mouths hang great placards with explanatory captions."

A few bits of wisdom from Musical House-and-Life-Rules:

> Always play as if a master were listening.
>
> When you grow older, play nothing that is purely fashionable. Time is precious. One would need a-hundred lives to become acquainted with all the good music in existence. Everything merely fashionable will go out of fashion, and if you keep on with it until you grow up, you will be a simpleton whom nobody respects.
>
> If everyone wanted to play first violin, we could get no orchestra together. So honor each musician in his own place.
>
> Seek out those among your comrades who know more than you.
>
> Without enthusiasm nothing worthwhile is brought to pass in art.
>
> Not until form is clear to you will the spirit be wholly clear to you.

There is much more in this one chapter of *Florestan.* Schumann once wrote to his wife, Clara: "Everything that goes on in the world affects me", which echoes Terence's "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." That's the way it is with books. To people who are alive in the mind, no kind of good book, whatever it is about, is without value. This is a book about a musician, yes; but he was a great and tragic human being, one who, if he had never uttered a note of music, would have left a priceless legacy to mankind in his letters and his simple day-by-day critical essays.

Florestan

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Clasped Hands or Shaking Fists?

Anglo-American Co-operation Can Father a Truly International Community

NORMAN ANGELL

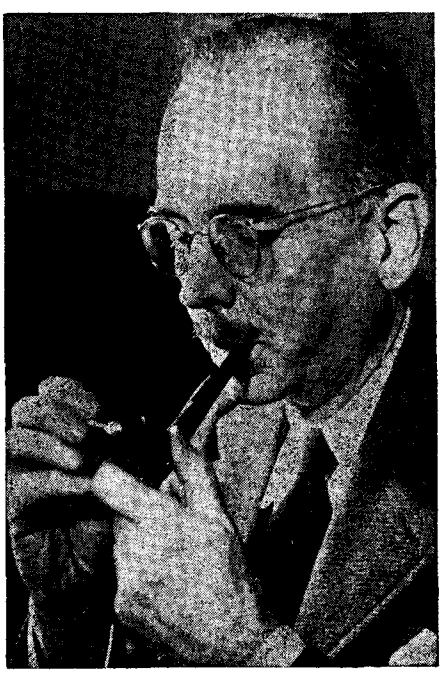
BOTH author and publisher of Mr. Soule's book * are to be congratulated on the timeliness of its appearance. It comes at a moment when all serious-minded people in this country are still considering the best form of aid which, in America's interest, can be extended to Great Britain after Lend-Lease, now terminated. And the coming of a Labor government in Great Britain will certainly not diminish the interest of these informative pages.

Mr. Soule does well in his first chapter to prick the not altogether harmless bubbles of after-dinner oratory about hands across the seas, blood thicker than water, the common language, and the rest of it. After all, the clasped hands have more than once become shaking fists, the blood is not in America predominantly Anglo-Saxon, and a common speech can divide as much as it unites. All that, he wisely implies, is not and ought not to be the basis of the coöperation of this country with Britain, for it would make that coöperation exclusive, whereas it ought to be of the kind which should form the nucleus of a truly international community. Perhaps he underrates a little the value of a certain community of ideas. It has, after all, been possible for this country to live peacefully in very close juxtaposition with the British Empire for considerably over a century. The undefended Canadian frontier is unique, despite the fact that the orators do so irritatingly refer to it; and it would not have been possible with a German Canada or a Japanese Canada, making part of a German or Japanese Empire that covered a quarter of the earth. Nor would it have been possible if Britain had not been the only great nation in Europe that refused to accept either Fascism, or totalitarianism, or collaboration, rejecting dictatorship whether of the Hitler, Mussolini, Pétain, or Stalin variety; willing even to replace a beloved leader when he had served his war purpose. Failing the group of ideas, values, habits which that indicates, the whole story would have been very different. Nevertheless, Mr. Soule is right in discounting so much of the post-prandial oratory. His book, he explains, emphasizes the need for coöperation between Britain and the United States because "the two great Western allies occupy a central position in the world economy. . . . The United States and the United Kingdom are so far ahead of the others in exporting and importing capacity that what they do will determine the course of the world economy for years to come." And that bears vitally on the restoration and peace of the world.

Mr. Soule explains why Britain faces at this moment what he terms in his second chapter "a life or death" problem. He reminds us that before the war British farmers raised only about forty per cent of the food eaten in the country (measured by money value), while some of her most indispensable raw materials must also be obtained from abroad. For Britain to be self-contained at anything much above a coolie or stone age standard of life, something like half the present population would have to be emigrated. They could not emigrate. The United States and all the Dominions have stringent anti-immigration laws. Britain of the present population can live only if she has ample exports, visible or invisible, wherewith to pay for her imports. (The invisible exports are services such as shipping, insurance, banking.) Another means of payment for imports has been the dividends and interest on past-investments abroad. The Argentine, for instance, sent food like frozen beer, which ultimately found its way to working-class homes in Manchester or Liverpool or London, as payment for the railroads or factories which an earlier generation of British capitalists had built. Mr. Soule continues:

> The effect of war on Britain's ability to pay for imports has been almost catastrophic. In the days of cash and carry the nation had to sell foreign investments in order to buy in this country munitions and supplies needed by both military and civilians. Lend-Lease reduced this necessity as far as the United States was concerned, but the process continued in other parts of the world. Submarine warfare diminished the tonnage of British shipping. While this shortage may before too long be made good, American shipping has more than doubled, and the prospect of post-war competition leads the British to expect a reduced shipping income. Britain has disposed of more than £1,000,000,000 in foreign investments (at the peace rate of exchange, say $5,000,000,000) for war supplies alone.

But, as the author points out, that is not all. Britain has bought large quantities of war goods in India, Argentina, Egypt, the Dominions, and elsewhere, for which she has paid



—*Arni*

George Soule "brings out certain facts which should be engraven . . . in the minds of newspaper editors in every protectionist country of the world."

* *AMERICA'S STAKE IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE. By George Soule. New York: Viking Press. 1945. 225 pp. $2.75.*

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by depositing sterling to their account in Britain. During the war those pounds could not be spent because there was little that that money could buy in Britain. These "blocked sterling balances constitute Britain's war debt. In order to discharge it, Britain will have to export without getting anything in return. She will also have to export enough more to pay for the imports needed for her daily life. Nor is that all. Emerging from the war in that situation, she faces the necessity of reconstructing at least a quarter of the houses and buildings which have been destroyed or irreparably damaged by the bombardments. Nor is that all. She is determined to raise the standard of education, health services, living conditions, generally, for her people by a vast program of enlarged social services, for which funds have to be found.

SUCH, then, is the situation. How is Britain to meet it? One fact which Mr. Soule's book makes clear is that, whatever Britain may do, she cannot possibly solve that problem irrespective of what becomes of the rest of the world. This is obvious. She does not produce food for her people; she can only get it from foreigners, those foreigners can only furnish it if they produce it and are prepared to exchange their surplus for goods or services from Britain. Britain must go under if either of two things happens: If through chaos, the general falling apart of society, failure of transportation, and what not, the outside world has no surplus or cannot ship it; or, if it obeys the impulses of economic nationalism in an extreme form and refuses to take foreign goods or services. If either of those things, which Britain cannot directly control, happens, then her people will suffer malnutrition, semi-famine, or famine *tout court.*

This means that Britain is more dependent upon world-wide stability and prosperity than any country in the world: an economic fact which explains more of British foreign policy and British "imperialism" (which, however, Mr. Soule does not discuss) than is commonly recognized. It also explains why Britain has attached greater importance to order and stability and to the maintenance of free access to the outside world than to mercantilist exploitation. Thus both the Dominions and India have acquired complete fiscal independence, erecting tariffs against Great Britain. (Ottawa was a bargain between fiscally independent states.)

The theme of this book is broadly that the economic future depends on whether the United States avoids unemployment and another depression. Unless the United States does this she will seek palliatives in subsidized exports, high tariffs, and all the other devices of economic nationalism. This would create a world situation fatal to Britain, and, as these two countries between them dominate the whole world-trade situation, the outlook for world recovery would be all but hopeless. The political implications of this fact are frightening.

In the elaboration of his interesting thesis he brings out certain facts which should be engraven not merely in the minds of business men but in the minds of newspaper editors in every protectionist country of the world. One is that foreign trade is not a fixed quantity so that what one gets another loses; and another is that "the best customers of the industrial nations are not the backward, raw-material-producing regions but one another." He reminds us that in the period between 1919 and 1939 the British Empire bought forty-one per cent of all the exports from the United States and that more than thirty-five per cent of all imports into the United States came from the British Empire. As an example of the way in which the industrialization of a backward region often enlarges the market for other industrial countries, he takes the case of Canada. Between 1900 and 1940 the gross value of Canadian manufactures increased nearly ten times. In the same period its imports from the United States not only did not decline but increased about sevenfold. Mr. Soule adds the generalization:

> As long as the channels of world trade are open, therefore, any increase in prosperity anywhere finds the increase of prosperity everywhere. . . . There is nothing illogical in the fact that the possible injuries which British leaders of economic thought fear from us are identical with the chief injuries which we may inflict upon ourselves.

(Incidentally, it is astonishing how much modern economists find it necessary to preach to the public the old "economic harmonies" of free trade philosophy, which have so often been held up to derision.) What the British want from America, he explains, is not philanthropy, not even loans, if they can possibly avoid incurring them. They do not ask business men in America out of generosity to efface themselves from world commerce; they do not even want a reduction of exports from the United States. What the British want is that the United States shall not incur another depression, that is to say, shall maintain full employment.

Perhaps, as a method of presenting the case for Anglo-American understanding, this narrows the issue too much. "Full employment" has, in the United States, come to have certain party implications and is tied up with measures which economic conservatives fear. The total effect of presenting the case in these terms is reflected perhaps in a recent statement by Mr. Raymond Moley, who insisted that before furnishing aid to Britain, "We need the assurance that we are not financing a social revolution; that our money will not be used by Britain for loans to other nations; that preferential trade measures will be removed."

THIS would mean that in order to get help Britain and the Dominions would have to surrender the right to determine their own social and political future and hand its shaping over to the United States. Not precisely the national freedom for which Britain went to war, sacrificing all her financial assets and her whole commercial position. (No one suggests, by the way,

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that Russia be asked to abandon totalitarian Communism or would do so if asked.)

It is dangerous both for the United States and Britain to place the whole, or the basic, case for Anglo-American coöperation on economic grounds. It gets vital facts out of focus, and is as dangerous as it would be to put coöperation with Russia on those grounds. If Russia had been completely overwhelmed by Germany, Hitlerism would have been brought to the shores of the Pacific, including, with Japan's help, the shores of the United States. That was why capitalist America helped Communist Russia. America's economic dependence on Russia is microscopic, America's political concern in Russia's future foreign policy enormous. If Britain were sunk beneath the sea, and the Commonwealth and Empire broken up, the American people, after some readjustments much less than those they actually accomplished in the turnover from peace to war, would suffer no considerable reduction in their standard of life. But their future as an independent democracy, able without colossal military burdens (including in a world of atomic warfare building the vital parts of the main cities deeply underground), to continue their present easy and free way of life, is a very different matter. The United States, with its 135 million souls, is a tiny minority in a world of nearly twenty times that number, most of it never having known democracy or displayed much aptitude for it.

When the United States entered the First World War in 1917 and virtually entered the Second World War with Lend-Lease in 1940, economic motives had extremely little to do with it. The motives were political in the same way that Britain's motives were when, under a capitalist Tory government, she allowed the whole capitalist system of Britain to be sacrificed, utterly smashed, in order to fight the risk of Hitlerite domination and invasion; and when a Labor government preserves, as it is doing, Britain's worldwide imperial structure, because, without it, totalitarian domination and invasion could not have been resisted in 1940; and could not probably be resisted in the future. Britain's position now is more vulnerable than ever.

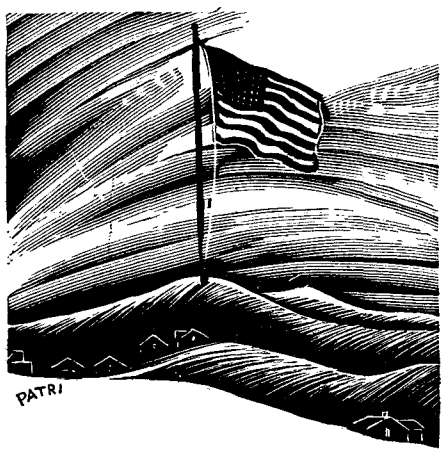
But the fact that Mr. Soule does not make these distinctions, confines himself to the economic case, and puts that case on somewhat narrow grounds, does not deprive his book of very great value at this time. The economic conditions which he analyzes so competently need analysis, and his useful contribution comes at precisely the right and urgent moment.

The Timelessness of Henry James

THE SHORT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES. Selected and Edited by Clifton Fadiman. New York: Random House. 1945. 644 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE are various ways in which this book should be reviewed, but I shall, perforce, choose only one of them. The book arrived yesterday; this review will go into print tomorrow. Mr. Fadiman has chosen seventeen short stories out of the approximately eighty which James wrote. I should have chosen a different seventeen, but probably not a better one, although I should have included one or two famous stories which he omits, probably because they are too famous. I have read his seventeen stories, some, twenty years ago, but I am not going to read them again now—only a trivial or insensitive reader hurries over a James story. Mr. Fadiman's introduction



seems to me excellent, and his notes to the various stories very useful. Someone else must check up on his accuracy, which I have no reason to suspect, and discover whether, as in recent reprints of James since his "revival" began, there are typographical errors and wrong words in the text of the stories which enrage the reader almost as much as they would have maddened James. I propose, as a long-time reader whose admiration for James steadily increases, to take up just one statement from Mr. Fadiman's preface, and discuss that. He says James's stories do not "date." Mr. Fadiman believes that it is because background, however excellent, is never dominant, and that therefore his stories are intended to achieve, and often do, some aspects of eternity.

I agree with the statement, but think that a fuller explanation is demanded. The time has clearly come to decide, for the purposes of history, whether or not Henry James was one of the major novelists of the nineteenth century, and likely therefore to endure the stresses of time, or whether he was only a superb craftsman working with the almost intangible and certainly ephemeral material of a luxurious and over-subtle society made faintly absurd by a new era of economic reality and total war. For this question, dating or not dating is of first importance, since, if he dates for the modern, only specialists in the future are likely to read him. To be specific, Congreve and Samuel Richardson date, Shakespeare and Jane Austen do not.

For me, Henry James at his best differs from most, if not all, of his American contemporaries, by not dating at all, and for this fact, surprising considering the near preciosity of the writer, more reasons than those Mr. Fadiman advances are needed, and one in particular. Its key is the word "American." Our mistake has been to regard Henry James as an "international," a "refugee" writer, or as an Anglicized or Gallicized American, his roots at home withered, his view become entirely European, his characters, even when, as so frequently, they are American, become sterile cuttings from the parent stem.

I submit that the ultimate background is important and even dominant in James's stories. That he writes always as an American, even when his characters are entirely foreign in their provenance. That his close friends in England were right when they said, after his death, that to them he seemed always American, though of a specialized kind. I submit that, from the point of view of our literary history, he was representative of a deep American tendency, which was not the less deep for being subtle and confined to the sensitive and the intellectual—as representative in general as were Hawthorne, Mark Twain, or William Dean Howells. And that in insight, power, and realized creation he was superior to the third of this trio, and the equal of the first two.

To argue this question demands far more space than is allowed me. But this may be said by way of a beginning. So much has been written in recent history of the profound effects on American culture of the drive westward across a continent, that we are just beginning to realize the forces and influence of the reaction. There was no drive, but an almost passionate return in the latter half of the nineteenth century to the amenities, the refinements, the strong spiritual and intellectual cultures of the home-lands, especially England. It was this return, this reaction against the materialisms and the "red-blooded" crudities of the frontier and democracy, which was be-

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hind the violent antagonisms Walt Whitman encountered in Henry James's own formative period. But it was not just the nicety of the genteel, nor defeatism nor reaction, it was an important, an inevitable phenomenon of a unique cultural history, like the American, where Europeans, first slowly, then with a rush, were adapting themselves to a radically new way of life.

My point, of course, is that this backward reaching was a psychological and philosophical movement, inevitable and necessary if we were not to become barbarians, and subtly influential in ways which have never been adequately traced. It is comparable, if the parallel is not pushed far, to the attempts of the North in the Dark Ages to reach back and enrich from the just surviving culture of the classic world. And inevitably it produced its new character types, which were best seen and made into images in the international society, sophisticated, sensitive, usually freed from local moorings, in which James lived and of which he wrote.

If a prime example is needed, I should refer, not to a short story, where the scope is too narrow for full illustration, but to such a novel as "The Ambassadors," in my opinion one of James's best. There one sees the incomparably skilful adumbration of a Parisian life which was the symbol of everything lost inevitably in an America still in a state of becoming. And yet the book is not a study in nostalgia, but a conflict between the ingrained Puritan conscience of a rebellious but otherwise 100 per cent New Englander, and his passionate need for richer and more beautiful experience. No one but an American could have written, have even seen the issues of this book. And yet, as I have suggested, this is a drama sure to construct and reconstruct itself whenever a new world forms out of an old one. Of course, "The Ambassadors" does not date, since the loving details of Paris and the Americans of that day are merely ways of bringing to vivid realization a situation of great significance.

I have not mentioned the stories in Mr. Fadiman's book, because he has done their explaining. My purpose is to persuade those aware, as James was, of vital issues subject to the translations of art, to read, here and elsewhere, a writer whose real qualities we are just beginning to appreciate.

Erratum

The last sentence in the fourth paragraph of "The Cult of the Robe," by Jerome Frank, in *The Saturday Review* for October 13 was incomplete. It should have read, "Our legislators too frequently turn out ill-considered laws, trusting the judges to eradicate their errors, a task for which the judges are not equipped."

A Footnote to History

THE CURTAIN FALLS. By Count Folke Bernadotte. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 155 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS fascinating little volume is an important contribution to an understanding of the chaotic, nightmarish last days of the Third Reich. Unassuming, simply written, it makes no pretense to being definitive or analytical. But as a highly intelligent man's close-up of some of the key figures of the crumbling Nazi empire it makes absorbing reading. And it is an invaluable footnote to history.

Count Folke Bernadotte, the author of "The Curtain Falls," went to Germany in February of this year to try to obtain the release of some thousands of Danes and Norwegians held in concentration camps. He visited the Reich as a representative of the Swedish Red Cross. He could not, of course, hope to carry out his plan without Heinrich Himmler's permission. Thus he was brought into contact with the dreaded head of the Gestapo and the SS, "the most hated man in the world." Later he became the intermediary between the Nazis and the Allies in Himmler's ill-fated attempt to make a deal with the British and Americans.

Some of the material in the book comes as no surprise. But most readers will hardly be prepared for the revelation that Himmler was not an all-powerful behind-the-scenes dictator. Count Bernadotte found him a powerful man, near the top, but spied upon, thwarted, and at times beaten by a small cabal close to the Fuehrer. This group—Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, her sister, the latter's husband, and Obergruppenfuehrer Kaltenbrunner—apparently had a vital role in the formulation of policies. Germany's "agony of death had already begun; dissolution had already set in; but intrigue and counter-intrigue among the hierarchy were as vindictive as ever."

Here was the fantastic spectacle of gangsters, doomed by the advancing Allied armies, struggling among themselves. Here was mutual fear, double-crossing, treachery, and murder among men who might have been expected, like cornered rats, to put up a united defense to try to save their own skins. Hitler trusted almost nobody, certainly nobody outside Eva Braun's little coterie of scoundrels. As for Himmler, "one can only remark that he appears to have been quite as terrified of Hitler as Hitler was of him." It was a weird state of affairs that undoubtedly speeded the collapse of the Third Reich and saved Allied lives.

One of the most grotesque characters of the book is von Ribbentrop. Not only is he a rogue of the first degree, but also an ass—a tiresome one, at that. Count Bernadotte, who has a subtle sense of humor, "surreptitiously" set his stop watch when von Ribbentrop began to talk to him. When the Nazi's harangue finally ended, "I stopped my stop watch. It indicated that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had talked for one hour and seven minutes without my being given an opportunity to get in a word."

The author gives a clear picture of Himmler's desperate efforts to make a separate peace with the Western democracies. He wanted to surrender to the British and Americans, but continue the war against the Russians. Count Bernadotte urged him to order the German Army to lay down its arms outright and bring an end to the war. But Himmler was bent on a peace offer to the West. Through it all one thing stands out: how little Himmler, von Ribbentrop, indeed all the leading Nazis, understood British and American psychology and public opinion.

Himmler was so sure Eisenhower would receive him that he wondered whether "he ought to make a bow to the Allied Supreme Commander and if he ought to shake hands." This is not the astute, all-knowing Himmler that the outside world thought it knew. His naivete in certain fields was nothing short of ludicrous.

When Grand Admiral Doenitz came to power he announced Hitler's death. In an order of the day to the German Army he declared: "The greatest hero in the history of Germany has departed from the scene." But this story of Hitler dying on the barricades of Berlin was not the version which Brigadefuehrer Schellenberg gave Count Bernadotte. According to this Nazi official, "the life of the Fuehrer ended on April 27, and it is my definite belief that it was by means of an injection."

Count Bernadotte warns us against letting the World War I "stab in the back" alibi be replaced by a "Hitler legend."

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When the Impossible Became the Possible

THE BUILDING OF THE BURMA ROAD. By Tan Pei-ying. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 200 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DANIEL G. ARNSTEIN

THE story of the Burma Road is one of those things that will go down in history as an epic of the common people. Human beings are not supposed to be able to perform miracles, but sometimes when a country has its choice of being conquered or doing something that looks impossible it does the impossible. The Burma Road was like that. You would have to see it to believe it. Tan Pei-ying was managing director of the Yunnan-Burma Highway Engineering Administration that was responsible for building and maintaining the road, and he tells the story just as it happened, with some beautiful descriptions of the Salween River and the great gorges. I appreciated those parts of the book because I saw those things and wished I knew how to describe them myself.

Imagine putting a part of the Rocky Mountains between here and Washington and then cutting a road through it with no tools except short hammers and small shovels, with nothing but the kind of powder used in firecrackers for blasting, and with only little baskets to carry away the dirt. That would be a tough job. About the only way to accomplish it would be to get all the families between here and Washington to work on it, everybody from seven to seventy, a couple of hundred thousand of them working all the time. That is what the Chinese did, and they brought their own food. A lot of them were killed in landslides. When a man was killed in a landslide another member of his family would take his place. That is why I think that when people write about the Burma Road in the future they will say it was a miracle. They will not believe it could have happened any other way.

I would have felt the same way if I had not gone there and seen the marks of the little shovels. I remember the remark of one American engineer. "They scratched it out with their fingernails," he said. The bridges were another miracle. Piles could not be driven because there was nothing to drive them with. So the bridges had to be suspended. Landslides were a constant menace. In 1939, 475,000 cubic yards of earth were removed as a result of slides. In 1943, only 29,460 yards were removed. They licked the problem just by sticking to it, and by taking down the mountains that looked as if they might slide. Nothing scared them or stopped them. I was in Chungking when for ten days we were bombed around the clock. I never saw a single Chinese plane in all that time or heard a Chinese aircraft gun shooting. You would think that when things got that bad the people would think they were being beaten, but that never occurred to them.

The road was never able to transport enough material for the Chinese to take the offensive, but it helped to keep them fighting defensively and it must be remembered that they kept 2,000,000 Japanese troops tied down all the time. There was a traffic problem on the road, of course, and with that problem we Americans were able to give some help, since we gave birth to the traffic problem and have been wondering what to do with it ever since. The trucks were kept moving, anyhow, until the Japs closed the road.

There will be many books written about the Burma Road, but this is a good one and it is written by the man who had charge of the work, and everything he says is true, except that he does not say enough. But this is helped out by the photographs which also appear. They are just the thing that is needed, because, as I said, unless you saw it with your own eyes you would not believe it.

—*From the book.*

"Unless you saw the Burma Road with your own eyes you would not believe it."

Daniel G. Arnstein is president of Terminal System, Inc., which operates the Terminal taxicab fleets, long famous in New York. It was he who was called to China to solve the traffic difficulties of the Burma Road, and he is the "we" referred to in his review as having kept the trucks moving.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

Infant mortality was gruesomely high in nineteenth-century literature, especially among the "good" children. Of the ten little boys and girls whose demise was featured during that era, how many can you identify from the circumstances as sketched below? Allowing 5 points for each child and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 40.

1. A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly, "O! love,—joy,—peace!," gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!
2. After lingering through the long winter months, this dying child said farewell to her mother and sister and looked forward to a heavenly home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."
3. Opening her eyes at last, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face —such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms around his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.
4. This little boy, born in a rough and tough mining camp, was drowned when a sudden river flood swept away the cabin in which he lived.
5. At the close of a happy Christmas day, this little invalid died peacefully in her sleep.
6. The last act of this little boy was to kiss his toy dog and soldier and put them away.
7. As she had hoped, the "tide went out easily;" and in the dark hour before the dawn, on the bosom where she had drawn her first breath, she quietly drew her last, with no farewell but one loving look, one little sigh.
8. Because the angels in heaven envied her, they sent a wind out of a cloud by night, chilling and killing this beloved child.
9. Whenever a neighbor died, this young girl promptly appeared with a poetic tribute, but once she hung fire on a rhyme for Whistler; she was never the same after that, but pined away and did not live long.
10. As he lay dying, this little boy beheld a vision of his mother, who had died immediately after his birth, waiting for him on a distant shore.

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Fall of the House of Navarro

THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 360 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THE title of this book is provided by a Mexican revolutionary song, and though the novel moves on half a dozen complicated levels, all the way from simple Indian village life on up to international intrigue, its central theme is the disintegration of a great feudal land-holding family under the impact of revolution and new ideas. This theme is pointed up and further contrast provided by the marriage of the loveliest daughter of the exclusive Catholic Navarro clan with a very noble, patient, and understanding American, who believes in democracy, is a Protestant, and has the ability to adapt himself to Mexican customs. No better setting could be provided for sharp personal conflicts and emotions as well as for bizarre drama in the grand style. The result is a colorful and moving story.

In addition, the work is a tract of our times. It is a tract against the rapacity of American oil companies, against the secular politics of the Catholic Church, against evil German agents trying to barter for oil, against the Spanish Falangists and the local clerical Sinarquistas; and above all it is a tract for the good-neighbor policy. But the novel is not too earnest, and certainly is not solemn, but a well-balanced tale of great insight into Mexican social customs and classes as well as the human heart. Mrs. Hobart wisely keeps her Alt-Politik and the contemporary wartime phobias dancing like mysterious shadows on the outer walls of her narrative—like evil genii or beneficent spirits—and hews pretty much to the main task of getting Jim Buchanan and Concha Navarro married, shaken down into a happy pattern, and face to face with the strident forces of revolution and reaction.

As the story of a feudal family it is remarkably well done. Here is an authentic picture of the old-style matriarchate that featured the pro-Spanish, pro-European, super-Catholic aristocrats of the Porfirio Diaz epoch when the faces of the peons were ruthlessly ground down by highly moral and self-satisfied folk. Here we perceive the structure and ideas of what for brevity might be called the "corporate" family, which provided many of the hierarchical and clerical ideas which pervaded later political Fascism in Latin countries and gave rise to its counterpart, the "corporate state." Here is class frozen into arbitrary caste—a caste enjoying the best things of its time, luxury, discipline, stern adherence to dogma, etiquette, tradition, and enough universal culture to pad out the bones of rigidity. It certainly had its ultimate perfection, almost like a piece of changeless Oriental art, but it was not a system in which the human soul could flower freely or new ideas grow into being. Its perfection, as is often the case, symbolized static death. It was no longer functional, the end-product of medievalism and three hundred years of colonial rule. The Navarro family had weathered two previous struggles for liberty in Mexico, but the last it could not hope to weather. The foundations of the corporate family were gone by the year 1910. All the elder Navarro ideas floated uselessly in the vacuum of its own snobbish isolation. Industry, the Renaissance, capitalism, democracy, and the modern class-struggle had at last caught up with and overwhelmed it.

The surprising thing is that so many such families held together as well as they did during the bloody, hard-riding first period of the Mexican revolution, that they lost so little of their worldly goods. With the help of tough hacienda overseers, right on the scene, who fought the Indian upsurge and the land reforms with trickery, bribery, and terrorism, the Navarros rode out the storm not too unhappily in Paris and on the Riviera. In the novel they are shown back in the family mansion in Mexico City, a grand place with poor plumbing where poetry compensates for leaking faucets. Their return coincides with the backwash of the first wave of revolutionary enthusiasm, when the upstart barons of the revolution have constituted themselves a new upper crust. It is the era of Calles and his millionaire socialists, of Morrow and his ham and egg breakfasts. The American Ambassador has persuaded Calles to settle with the Church and the oil crowd and put an end to agrarian reform. And so families like the Navarros were given a new lease on life, a hope that their little heaven of easy luxury, set ideas, and excessive piety would go on undisturbed.

But psychologically the Navarros are unprepared to take advantage of this breathing spell. The older generation can make no concessions whatever; the second has been rendered indifferent to old and new and is interested only in concubines and effete pleasures; the third is confused and impotent, unable wholly to rebel against family authority, unable wholeheartedly to become part of the new. But in many subtle ways they do rebel.

Alice Tisdale Hobart "keeps her Alt-Politik and wartime phobias dancing on the outer walls of her narrative."

To marry Concha, Jim sacrifices his promising diplomatic career, becomes an old company representative—it is most shocking to the Navarros that he should work—and tries to get his superiors to compromise with labor and the government. But the oil companies are still bemused with their privileges of Diaz days, and the story rises to the climax of the confiscations and the wild Mexican celebrations over supposed economic liberation from the hated Yanqui. Jim is jobless.

The story then moves on to what is left of the family hacienda after land distribution to the village. Jim takes over and with Concha's assistance works out a new and friendly relation with the villagers. Mrs. Hobart has understood perfectly that amazing fortitude, adaptability, and wisdom that is inherent in Mexican women, even though they have come from a sheltered background. She has understood also their fierce identification with all things Mexican, which is the source of the only serious difficulty that arises between her and Jim, and which is solved only when he identifies himself with the Mexican cause. The story of this new idyl of coöperation between hacendado and village is complicated by the sinister activities of the rapidly spreading Sinarquista reaction with threads reaching back to Fascist Spain and Nazi Germany; and here is built up a gathering conflict which offers an epic finale for the novel.

Instead, at this point, Jim is snatched off on a fruitless international mission, and the ending has a stilted quality not found anywhere else in

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the book. But it is a fine novel as a whole, and in spite of the misspelling of most of the Spanish phrases used in the book, Mrs. Hobart certainly knows her Mexico, its life, its social forces, and its people as few writers who have tackled the subject; and she has not been baffled at any point by the complexities. The grandmother of this story is a colossal character; and though the characters from other categories—the revolutionists, labor leaders, petty bureaucrats, the new professional women, the Indians—are only sketchily presented, they ring true at almost every point. This is Mexico all right. And except for a few wartime cliches, the whole novel rings true. And because Mrs. Hobart knows Mexicans and Mexico so well, and because she also knows modern life and human beings so well, her didacticism is not oppressive; it is part of the inner drive of the book.

Boyhood in a Frontier Town

THE CHEROKEE STRIP: A Tale of an Oklahoma Boyhood. By Marquis James. New York: Viking Press. 1945. 294 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

IN much the same sense that Mark Twain's Hannibal, Mo., was the type-perfect river hamlet of antebellum days, Marquis James's Enid, Okla., was an example of the prairie boom town in that period of almost hysterical expansion which succeeded the War Between the States.

It sprang up smack in the middle of the Cherokee Strip—the last great area of Indian lands thrown open to settlement. It was created on the crest of a wave of immigration which roared in one day at the crack of a starting gun—the greatest horse race in history, the author calls it—with thousands of horses, under saddle or hitched to every kind of rig in creation—tearing up the buffalo grass sod with their hoofs as their drivers fought to be first to reach claim sites. Men were killed in the race, and in the disputes over claims which followed. The town of Enid rose overnight—a city of tents at first, with dugouts and shacks, and finally substantial buildings.

In the country about the town living was equally primitive. The population included not only settlers, but a fairish number of sure-enough gunfighting outlaws, like Dick Yeager, whom the boy Marquis James knew, and Arkansaw Tom, and their ilk; and also occasional wandering bands of Comanche Indians, still wild, still resentful at the incursion of the white men into this, the last of their hunting grounds.

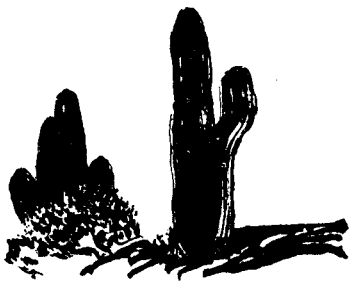
It was about the last real frontier the nation saw. A great many sober historians, indeed, set the date of the opening of the Strip—1893—as the end of the frontier period in America. To have an eye-witness record of proceedings in that high, wide, and handsome era by a writer so gifted as Marquis James, is a rare good fortune.

"The Cherokee Strip" is no history. It is a chunk of life. Like Mark Twain, who recognized the immense value of presenting a time and period through the eyes of his boy heroes, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, Marquis James describes the Strip as seen by a boy. In his case, the boy was himself. He was only two years old when his father made the Run, and he lived in the Strip until, as a young man, he departed to seek his fortune in the newspaper world.

Markey, as they called him in the Strip, seems to have been into about everything that went on in and around Enid, as would be perfectly natural with any lively boy, which is why a boy is such a superb vehicle for a story like this. His experiences, of course, were not as melodramatic as the fictional experiences of Tom Sawyer. If the reader remembers Judge Henry A. Shute's "Real Diary of a Real Boy," he will get more of the flavor of Marquis James's tale. The adventures were full of humor, but the humor was as unconscious as is any humor connected with the doings of a boy, and it is through the eyes of the man who now looks back at them, that the sometimes riotously funny side of them is seen.

Aside from "Markey" himself, who runs the gamut from hobnobbing with outlaws who are dying of wounds in jail, and carrying messages to madames of Enid's sporting houses, to becoming a gilded social sprig of the town in peg-top pants and a leading light of the local press, two characters emerge from the book with uncommon human clarity. They are his father and mother.

The father, Houstin James (named Houston but sticking to the misspelling in the old family Bible), was a quiet, slow-spoken frontier lawyer, whose clients, chiefly outlaws, had a habit of dying from the lead poisoning which was an occupational disease of their calling. Later he quit criminal practice and even entered politics in a small way. He seems never to have been successful in business, being somewhat of a visionary, but he won the respect of the entire Territory so there was mourning all over Oklahoma when he died.



The mother, born Rachel Marquis, came from a well-to-do family and lived in terms approximating adversity most of her life, but she worshipped her husband and if she ever complained her son never heard her. She did not possess Houstin James's humor, but she made up for it by greater practicality, and her undaunted courage and patience, so characteristic of the frontier woman, shine through the account of her and leave the reader with something of Marquis James's undimmed admiration for her.

Other characters walk through the book—Mr. Howell, the soldier-trapper-prospector-cowman-hunter-scout-packer-stagedriver who "never was cut out for a nester," but told young Markey some of the most entrancing stories in the book; Dick Yeager, the outlaw, proud of his reputation and dying in prison from wounds in his last fight; Ad Poak, a quiet little man who lived for the fast horse he was always racing and going broke on, and who gave Yeager his death wound; "Godless" Green, the gentle-spoken and endlessly charitable and kind atheist; Everett Purcell, Doctor Kelso, J. L. Isenberg, and other rootin', tootin' frontier editors, who fired broadsides from their editorial columns and sometimes kept a Winchester handy by the cases to repel boarders when the verbal drum-fire grew too withering for the patience of some of their readers; and innumerable others, boys and girls like himself, citizens, lawyers, merchants, ne'er-do-wells, even inhabitants of various "gilded cage" resorts.

Marquis James's youthful adventures, his series of brief firings of ambition to follow various careers, ranging from pool-room tout to President, and always coming back to the thing which really called him deepest—writing—are the backbone of the narrative. But the important thing about it is the superlative impression of a young, vital, exuberant period in American history, told with all the authority and flavor of a participant in it.

This reviewer, who was himself born in Enid, Okla., and was a fellow resident of the town with Marquis James (although too young to know him) has read nearly everything ever written on the Cherokee Strip, and to him this is the best book by all odds ever done on it, not only as a record, but as sheer reading pleasure.

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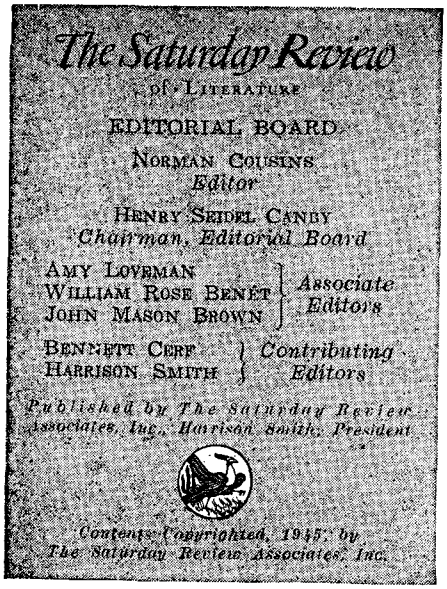

SPELLING OUT CONTROL

THE magic word of the hour is control. Everyone agrees on the necessity for international control of atomic energy. But control is no natural phenomenon. It does not operate of and by itself. Control is impossible without power—the power of investigation, the power of injunction, the power of arrest, the power of punishment.

But power, like control, cannot be isolated, nor is it desirable except under carefully defined circumstances. Power must be subordinate to law, unless it is to take the form of brute, irresponsible force. Here, too, we are involved in an important interrelationship, because law can be derived only through government. Law is a product of moral, judicial, executive, legislative, and administrative sanction—all of which adds up to government. And government means what it says: the process of governing. It is not decentralization, it is not informal organization, it is not the right to veto or the right of secession by any state or states. It is a central body none of whose members has the right or the means of aggression or withdrawal. It is the source of legitimate redress.

Approach the problem in reverse. We are all agreed that war must be "outlawed." If that is what we really mean, then we shall have to apply law. Law based on what? On general agreement? With or without sanctions? With or without protective as well as punitive power? With or without a judiciary? To the extent that the answers to these questions are subtractive, we shall fail in our agreed purpose. Outlawry of war is a noble phrase but its translation into tangible effectiveness requires, by its very nature, the existence of the basis and the instruments of legality, by which we mean government.

We are left, then, with three basic principles necessarily related to an effective system of international control:

No control without power.
No power without law.
No law without government.

Are there no other practicable methods of control? Is atomic power such a menace that nothing less than world government may be able to deal with it? What less drastic plans have been suggested?

Before examining these questions, bear in mind that the atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki represented a substantial improvement over the Hiroshima model. Bear in mind that the first atomic bomb, admittedly still in the experimental stage and said to weigh only a few pounds, was the equivalent of 20,000 tons of the most effective TNT explosive ever previously developed and that a few weeks after the Nagasaki bombing, scientists were predicting the development of an atomic bomb with an explosive force equal to, or greater than, 2,000,000 tons of TNT. Bear in mind that other nations, Japan included, have already experimented successfully with synthesized derivatives of uranium.

Bear in mind that United States territory is no longer safe from bombing attack. Bear in mind that more than four hundred Japanese balloons carrying not atomic but incendiary bombs were able to perform their explosive missions over the western portion of the United States, some being carried as far east as Michigan—although only a small number caused effective damage. Bear in mind that Japan was getting ready to launch long-range, one-way, heavy bombers for a direct attack on the United States when the atomic bombs ended the war. Bear in mind that it is possible *today* to develop pilotless rocket planes, carrying huge explosive atomic cargoes; and that these planes, from their launching stations, will be capable of hitting any specified target area in the world within the radius of a single mile.

Bear in mind that it would require only an infinitesimal percentage of the number of bombing missions in World War II for rocket planes to lay waste every city in the world—not in a matter of months or weeks or even days, but hours. Bear in mind that most military experts predict that within three years—five years at the most—knowledge of utilization of atomic energy may be as commonplace as present-day knowledge of aviation itself.

Bear all this in mind and then consider what would be required to safeguard the world from destructive atomic energy. Consider various suggestions advanced as possible methods of control. Begin by considering the fairly popular theory that every weapon produces a counter-weapon, and that in the course of time the atomic bomb will meet its match in some sort of super-atomic defense. This is by far the coziest, most convenient, approach to the problem. It requires almost no physical and mental exertion and doubtless has its origin in the pleasant belief that everything will come out all right in the end—atomic bombs and rocket planes not excluded. Absurd as the theory sounds, it nevertheless requires a sober and serious answer; every shred of hope must be fully and carefully appraised at a time when all hope sorely needs definition and direction.

The obvious answer to the counter-weapon argument has been supplied by the atomic bomb scientists themselves in flatly contradicting statements issued by Army and Navy representatives. It seems clear from what the scientists say that the cardinal fallacy of the counter-weapon theory is that it assumes there may be enough time in which to bring the negating devices into play—even granting the possibility of their development.

Modern warfare's only effective counter-weapon is retaliation, and there may not even be time for that, once an attack begins, for the beginning may be the ending as well.

It is said that man can go underground in an atomic war, that he can carve out large cities under the surface of the earth and at the first sign of danger can retire to subterranean shelters and stay there indefinitely if need be. Ingenious cut-away and cross-section sketches have been published, revealing vast improvements over the crude World War II underground shelters. The new shelters will have all conveniences, including hot and cold running water, refrigeration, and moving-picture theatres. But the sketches failed to explain how it would be possible to burrow far enough into the earth to avoid the shattering concussive power of atomic violence. They failed to tell what would happen to those underground cities once the exploded atom left an inextinguishable fire on the crust of the earth. If any imaginative sketches are in order at all, let us see some which can speculate upon the amount of fire and bombarding and atom-splitting a weary planet can absorb without being thrown off its axis or without reverting to its original incandescent mass blazing at millions of degrees.

It is claimed that warfare has now become so horrible that no nation will dare to unleash it. The argument

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is not new; it was heard when the bow and arrow were used in Egypt more than five thousand years ago. It was heard when the phalanx was developed to supposedly invincible strength in Macedonia more than two thousand years ago. It was heard when gunpowder was introduced more than five hundred years ago. It was heard less than thirty years ago after a World War in which dynamite took to the sky. But each time, though the horror of war increased, though the size of the battlefield grew larger and larger until the world itself became the arena of combat, new wars continued to break out.

More popular than any of these suggestions for controlling the atom is the plea, advanced in Parliament and in Congress, that England and America keep the secret of the atomic bomb to themselves. Conspicuously absent among those urging such action are the scientists—not because they do not believe it may be desirable to retain exclusive possession of the bomb, but because they do not believe it is in our power to do so.

Still another suggestion is that the nations of the world agree to a system of voluntary inspection. Behind this is the knowledge that it is difficult and almost impossible to hide the large laboratory and production facilities required to produce atomic bombs. It would be possible, according to this suggestion, to train a force of "atomic detectives" who would have freedom of examination anywhere in the world.

Even granting the infallibility of the inspectors to ferret out atomic bomb plants wherever they may be in the world, two weaknesses clamor for attention. The first is that any system of investigation is only as strong as the agency behind it. The agency in this case today is nothing but a gentleman's agreement lacking executive and police power. The second weakness is that any nation at any time can revoke its part in the agreement and refuse admission to the inspection force.

So far, it will be observed that all the methods proposed have one thing in common. They all rest on naked chance. The chance that a counter-weapon may be developed. The chance that war will be self-liquidating because it has become so horrible. The chance no other nation is smart enough to develop its own atomic weapons without our help. The chance that an inspection system can work with nothing behind it. At a time of dimensionless peril, we are asked to build on random chance.

In looking beyond random chance for a firmer footing on which to build for tomorrow, we naturally turn to the United Nations Charter. It is no reflection on the Charter, or on the men who joined in its making, to say that it has become a feeble and antiquated instrument for dealing with the problems of an Atomic Age. It is no reflection, because even the calendar is hopelessly out of date. A thousand years of the world's history were compressed in that brief fraction of a second during which Hiroshima was leveled. The world which the San Francisco Conference met to consider no longer exists, even though the same nations and same people represented at the Conference belong to both the old and new worlds.

After the Charter was drafted, even its warmest advocates did not claim that it was equipped to cope with war or the threat of war. But it was felt that time might work to the advantage of the United Nations—time in which to build up the habit of peace, time in which to strengthen and implement the Charter so that it might some day take the form of a real and durable world structure.

But the time factor has been reversed. Time no longer works for peace. Time today works against peace. The longer we wait the more difficult it becomes to achieve world government. There is a desperate though quiet scramble in almost every nation of the world to duplicate the success of America, Canada, and Great Britain in prying open the atom. This race is not only based on distrust but generates distrust. The feeling grows everywhere that it must be every nation for itself. The failure of the London Conference is only a symbol of the all-embracing failure of the nations to achieve peace through the traditional method of power politics. Are these the foundations of a common security? Are these the building blocks of lasting peace?

Do we realize that time is running out? Do we realize that victory has given us no real "respite," as has been claimed, but has created instead an emergency even more intense than the world knew at Dunkirk or Stalingrad or Pearl Harbor?

There comes to mind a scene from one of the old "silent" films. An outcast, lost somewhere in a mountainous forest, stands on the edge of a canyon. Behind him rages a forest fire, drawing ever closer. In front of him is a sheer drop of several hundred feet. But the gap across this canyon to the other side is only ten feet wide. Ten feet! He has never jumped ten feet before. He has no way of knowing that he can jump it now. He has no choice but to try.

The precise outcome of this episode we are unable to tell, for it was one of those Saturday afternoon adventure serials which was discontinued at just the crucial second. But we never entertained any doubts that at least the jump was attempted.

Mankind today is involved in a somewhat similar predicament. It would be comforting to believe that we could leisurely build a footbridge across the gap. It would be comforting to believe that time is working in our favor, or that the fire has changed its direction. But it happens that there is no time to build a footbridge. It happens that we cannot take just a step forward but must jump. It happens that the longer we delay the less space we shall have for a running leap. It happens that if we wait too long we shall have the disadvantage of jumping from a stationary position. Perhaps we have never jumped ten feet before. But under the circumstances that is the poorest of all reasons not to try.

And even if we make the jump successfully, we still have not disposed of all our problems. For though world government provides a better method and a better chance of preserving world peace than man has ever possessed, it cannot provide a guarantee of world peace. It provides man with time—time to think, time to change, time to keep decisions in his own hands, but it cannot make the right decisions for him. It provides only the minimum and not the maximum requirements of a common security. It provides the broad and solid ground in which to sink the foundations of a genuine sovereignty, and on which to build a floor under tomorrow; but it does not provide a finished structure. It provides the form but not the substance. That finished structure and that substance can be provided only by the vision and the day-by-day wisdom of man himself.

Peace under world government is

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Book and the Coming "Peace"

SIR: The first atomic bomb destroyed more than the city of Hiroshima. It also exploded our inherited, outdated political ideas.

A few days before the force of Nature was tried out for the first time in history, the San Francisco Charter was ratified in Washington. The dream of a League of Nations, after twenty-six years, was accepted by the Senate.

How long will the United Nations Charter endure? With luck, a generation? A century? There is no one who does not hope at least that much luck—for the Charter, for himself, for his work, and for his children's children. But is it enough to have Peace by Luck? Peace by Law is what the peoples of the world, beginning with ourselves, can have if they want it. And now is the time to get it.

Everyone knows that the Charter is only a beginning. It does not guarantee peace. Yet the hopeful and passionate words of Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco created one very real danger: that millions of Americans will relax and believe that by ratification a machinery has been set up to prevent another war.

We think it our duty to warn the American people that this is not so. The Charter is a tragic illusion unless we are ready to take the further steps necessary to organize peace. Coming East from San Francisco, President Truman said in Kansas City: "It will be just as easy for nations to get along in a republic of the world as it is for you to get along in the Republic of the United States. Now when Kansas and Colorado have a quarrel over the water in the Arkansas River they don't call out the National Guard in each state and go to war over it. They bring a suit in the Supreme Court of the United States and abide by the decision. There isn't a reason in the world why we cannot do that internationally."

These were historic words, pointing our road to a future far beyond San Francisco.

For thousands of years men have learned that wherever there is government by law there can be peace, and where there is no law and no government, human conflicts have been sure. The San Francisco Charter, by maintaining the absolute sovereignties of the rival nation-states, thus preventing the creation of superior law in world relations, resembles the Articles of Confederation of the thirteen original American republics. We know that this confederation did not work. No league system ever attempted in human history could prevent conflict between its members. We must aim at a federal constitution of the world, a working world-wide legal order, if we hope to prevent an atomic World War.

It happens that at this anxious moment of our history a small book has been published, a very important book, which expresses clearly and simply what so many of us have been thinking. That book is "The Anatomy of Peace," by Emery Reves. We urge American men and women to read this book, to think about its conclusions, to discuss it with neighbors and friends, privately and publicly. A few weeks ago these ideas seemed important but perhaps reachable in the future. In the new reality of atomic warfare they are of immediate urgent necessity, unless civilization is determined on suicide.

In his last address, which he did not live to speak, Franklin Roosevelt wrote words which were his political testament: "We are faced with the preeminent fact that if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationship—the ability of peoples of all kinds to live together and work together in the same world, at peace." We have learned, and paid an awful price to learn, that living and working together can be done in one way only—under law. There is no truer and simpler idea in the world today. Unless it prevails, and unless by common struggle we are capable of new ways of thinking, mankind is doomed.

OWEN ROBERTS, *Former Associate Justice, the Supreme Court of the U.S.A.*
SENATOR J. W. FULBRIGHT.
SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER.
SENATOR ELBERT D. THOMAS, *Chairman, Military Affairs Committee.*
REVEREND HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, *Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.*
REVEREND EDWARD A. CONWAY, S. J.
DR. LOUIS FINKELSTEIN, *President, Jewish Theological Seminary.*
MORTIMER J. ADLER, *Professor of Law, University of Chicago.*
CHARLES G. BOLTE, *Chairman, American Veterans Committee.*
GARDNER COWLES, JR., *Publisher.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Why don't you speak for yourself, J. Wesley?"

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CARL VAN DOREN.
MARK VAN DOREN.
WALTER F. WANGER, *Motion Picture Producer.*
ROBERT J. WATT, *International Representative, A.F.L.*

The Time for Action

SIR: The piece by Sgt. Al Hine [*SRL*, July 7] and the letter of Earnest Elmo Calkins [Sept. 29] revive discussion of a project which has been in the minds of many in the book business for a great many years, namely the propagandizing of those sectors of the population that are largely unaware of, or indifferent to, books.

The difficulties which Mr. Calkins encountered when he first proposed his coöperative advertising campaign still exist, but the prospects of success are much greater than they were at that time or have been at any time since. Publishers are still largely individualistic by nature and are inclined to rely on their own enterprise rather than on coöperative action. They were frightened then by the very large sums of money which his plan called for, and would likely feel the same now. Furthermore it is always questionable whether a paid advertising campaign which would be directed at all classes of persons (including gum-chewers and the readers of comic strips) would be as productive or efficient as more selective efforts directed at those marginal read-

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ers who have some acquaintance with books but read them accidentally rather than by ingrained habit.

One long-standing difficulty has however been largely overcome: that is lack of proper distribution. Obviously there is no point in "selling" people the idea of reading books if they do not know where to find them, or if it is too difficult for them to come into possession of them. There are still far too few "real" bookstores and they are too scattered, but the number of bona-fide retail outlets has increased enormously and, in addition, books are presented to the public view in reprint editions on almost every newsstand and drug counter, as well as in the lower-priced chain stores; in addition the large book clubs have gone directly into the homes of two or three millions—on farms as well as in cities.

Advertising on behalf of books, however, if directed at the general public, would leave untouched the chief handicap from which book reading suffers; as Mr. Mencken pointed out many years ago, the schools are the chief culprits. In spite of the fact that boys and girls in the formative years are subjected to a close contact with books over a period of years, they graduate from their schools for the most part filled with sentiments ranging from apathy to positive dislike for books in any form. This is all the more remarkable when you think that the average kid—until he has been taught differently—actually does enjoy reading, whether his choice runs to "Treasure Island," "Barnaby," "The Bobbsy Twins" or "The Atom Bomb Boys on the Mississippi."

The book education of America, therefore, has to start way back before the adult level. It would seem to me that Sgt. Hine, who wants "the Council on Books in Wartime, or something very like it," to carry on such a campaign, is more nearly on the right track. Such an educational campaign must have behind it not merely the publishers and booksellers who admittedly have the greatest financial stake in such an enterprise, but schools, libraries and civic organizations of all kinds, who have an equal or greater stake in America's cultural level.

Actually the Council on Books in Wartime has made an impressive record along just these lines, and it would be a pity if its activity cease merely because the amalgam of the wartime emergency no longer existed. The mere fact that all types of individuals and organizations—including booksellers and librarians—got together under its aegis, and that the publishers themselves secured practice in working together on other than purely "trade" matters, is in itself a big step forward. The Council was by no means just the Editions for the Armed Services, although that project naturally and deservedly received the greater portion of public notice. The Council initiated three highly successful radio programs one of which at least seems headed for a permanent berth on its station; it produced seven excellent movie shorts on books and stopped only when raw film stock was no longer available; it distributed material to women's clubs, radio commentators, and editors; it furnished (and is still furnishing) "Recommended War Bcoks" posters and handy reading lists to a large number of booksellers and libraries for distribution; it has supplied speakers for a large number of meetings; its Children's Book Committee has done notable work with schools and young people's forums; it promoted the "Imperatives" which focussed public attention on the outstanding books about the war—not to mention the seventy-two books that it put out in French, German, Italian, and English for The Overseas Editions (not to be confused with the E.A.S.). It did this all on an extremely modest budget and—frankly—with something less than whole-hearted enthusiasm in some publishing quarters. A larger budget and a positive belief on the part of all publishers in the value of an educational campaign would enable it to be much more effective.

Right now, with stocks, personnel and budgets of most public libraries at a low ebb, creation of a favorable public attitude toward books is definitely needed. And with millions of men and women coming home from service, many of whom have perhaps been brought face to face with books for the first time, it would seem as though the conditions were now exactly right for joint action.

FRANKLIN SPIER.

New York, N. Y.

Library of Congress Song Archive

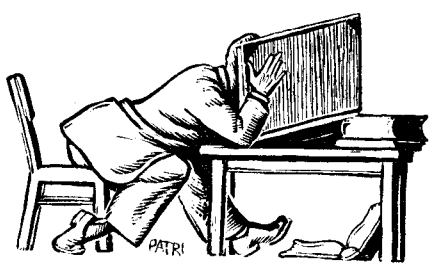
SIR: In your issue of September 22 you printed a story about my work as a folk-song collector written by Mr. Donald Day. The article contains several errors, one of which I especially regret. Mr. Day makes me claim to be the author of the idea of establishing a folk song archive in the Library of Congress. The credit belongs entirely to Mr. Carl Engel, for years Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress. At the time of his death in recent years, he was president of the G. Schirmer Company, music publishers in New York City.

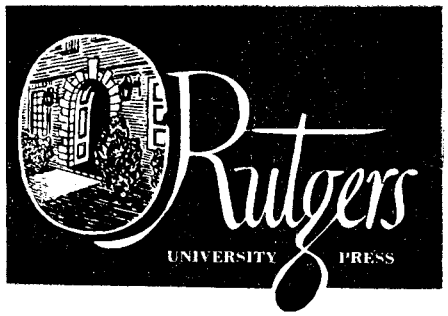
Furthermore, before I began my collecting work for the Library of Congress, Mr. Robert W. Gordon had for two or three years been doing field work in furtherance of Mr. Engel's idea.

I hope it will be possible for you to carry this explanation.

JOHN A. LOMAX.

Dallas, Texas.





He hated himself in the morning

BYRON'S *amours* have always been better publicized than his works. Human nature being what it is, that is easily understood. The same sad plight has befallen certain Hollywood folk in our own day. But what is less generally known is that Byron's work sheds more light on the nature of his after-hours activities than even the extravagant gossip of his contemporaries.

In BYRON'S DON JUAN: *A Critical Study*,[1] Elizabeth French Boyd shows that the poet's last and greatest work is in a sense autobiographical. Juan is Byron himself—not so much in his individual encounters with ladies of varying stations and nationalities as in his outlook on life, and in the havoc wrought upon his life by an evil-minded, unnaturally civilized society. Both the poet and his hero typify Rousseau's "natural man", cast out into a vicious and hypocritical world, and ruined by it. Written in middle age, with a wry smile for the follies and idealism of youth, *Don Juan* is less a confession of sins past than a complaint against society for injustices suffered. While Byron heartily regretted the outcome of his youthful adventures, it was the existence of the social code he had shattered which made him bitterly call himself a martyr *to* and *by* women.

Yet, as Elizabeth Boyd points out, *Don Juan* is more than the story of a romantic adventurer's career. A brilliant piece of social and political satire, written in defiance of the world, it is far more international in scope than most creative writing of even this Atomic Age. Inspired by a Spanish legend, written in Italian epic form by an English noble who gave his life for Greek freedom, *Don Juan* carries the banner of a French philosopher against Russian czars, English Toryism, and the materialism of world society.

It is of course to Spain that Byron owes this hero of such startling prowess. Yet no other character from her supercharged literature has ever had the same explosive effect on readers of English. We've searched through ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH[2] which lists the translations of almost 500 years, in hopes of being reminded of another. But if there were other heroes of equal vigor in Spanish writing, no one has taken the risk of translating them. As it is, Byron was made miserable by the censors, who hailed *Don Juan* as a great poem but suppressed it as "immoral".

It may comfort Lillian Smith to know that Byron had his Boston, too.

[1] **BYRON'S DON JUAN—*A Critical Study***
By Elizabeth French Boyd, $3.50
[2] **ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH—1484-1943,**
By Remigio Ugo Pane, $2.50

At all bookstores, or
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Strictly Personal

WHAT ABOUT GAMBLING?

EACH society has its own frame of reference. It is practically impossible for anyone to jump outside of his own mores. History has demonstrated that it is impossible successfully to impose upon society compulsions contrary to the prevailing folkways. Literary censorship in its heyday was nothing more than an attempt to impose moral standards not consonant with current mores. If the ideas of the censor and the public coincided there would never be need for censorship. A book which is genuinely repulsive to prevailing thinking just wouldn't sell. We in the United States have experienced in another sector of life an analogous attempt to hold the public to a different—and presumably "higher"—moral standard than that which is native to the times. This is in the realm of gambling. While our colonial ancestors frowned upon various forms of gambling which were time-consuming and hence little suited to the rigorous existence of pioneering days, it is gross error to attribute to them the establishment of a moral code which frowned on gambling in every form. The Founding Fathers of our country, despite their religious severity, were profound believers in lotteries. Many of our original canals, highways, and colleges procured their initial capital and even upkeep from the sale of lottery tickets, which, by the more pristine standards imposed on our admittedly less pristine society, is unlawful today in most states.

The attempt to stop gambling, like the attempt to stop the consumption of liquor, has largely failed and for the same reason—it is just not in accord with the mores. The desire of people to get something for nothing is so deeply rooted as to almost warrant terming it "instinctive." A child let loose at a county fair will almost invariably spend his nickel to pick a chance from the grab-bag rather than exchange it for something which he can see. The impulse towards gambling cannot be completely explained in terms of the desire for profit, else why should wealthy men indulge in games of chance ranging from roulette to the highly respectable stock exchange speculation? Perhaps the satisfaction derived from gambling can be partially explained in terms of the compensation which getting something for nothing provides for other defeats in life or in terms of the lack of satisfaction which men feel with attainments for which they have worked too hard and given too much of themselves.

The forms of gambling indulged in by the wealthy, such as commodity speculation, are considered legal despite the fact that they tend to unstabilize the market. Society has been less protective of the gambling impulse of the common man. His desire to get something for nothing is no greater nor less than that of the uncommon man. Every decade or so, however, in New York City, a phony moral war is waged against petty gambling. William Travers Jerome, Governor Whitman, Prosecutor Dewey, and Mayor LaGuardia have been the Carrie Nations of the slot machines and pinball games. But the urge for gambling has not been diminished one iota by these moralists. It is my impression that there is more petty gambling in New York now than there ever has been before. The issuance of licenses for pari-mutuel machines for horse races has not increased or reduced the business of the bookies. The fact that Dewey convicted a few evil influences back of the policy game or numbers racket has not stopped collectors from going from house to house every day of the year collecting nickels and dimes from their long-odd gambler clients. Moreover, every time LaGuardia or any other high official talks about not giving the tin-horn gamblers a chance or driving the punks out of town, the price paid for illegal continuation of petty gambling goes up.

I am not particularly in favor of gambling but I am certainly not opposed to it. I think most of it is pretty silly. But I think people have a right to be silly and I think it is more evil for the state to try to nurse-girl the human race than for the human race to gamble its money away. The only function which the government could perform which is compatible with the dignity of self-governing citizens in a democratic community would be to inform people accurately of the exact odds which they face in gambling and the nature of the people conducting the enterprise. It may well be that, even knowing that there is only a one in a thousand chance of winning the jackpot, people will continue to throw their nickels into the machines with the three balls. If they do, they will at least know what they are doing.

I would recommend to the candidates for Mayor of this city the appointment of a commission to establish a local SEC for small gambling. Why not license all those who run the numbers racket, slot machines, poker games, and the poor man's outlets for trying to get rich quicker? This would serve a triple purpose. To begin with, licensing gambling would provide an excellent source of taxes for the city. Moreover, it would, by forcing gamblers to keep books of account, enable the income tax authorities to tap a source of taxes which are hardly ever reached now. Secondly, it would force disclosure of the identity of the men who own all gambling enterprises and disclose the political connections of the collectors of the numbers racket who are rapidly replacing the old fashioned visits of election district captains in their political influence on the people. And of course such a system would, by apprising people of the exact nature of their own gambling and the odds against them, supply people with information which our Constitution presupposes will induce people to act correctly. Disclosure may be a more effective curb on gambling than attempted suppression.

It may well be that, knowing the facts, people will still choose to gamble like the stranger in town who, upon being informed that the poker game in which he was sitting was crooked, shrugged and replied, "I know, friend, but it was the only game I could find in town." I think people have a right to throw away their own money. I don't think that we can prevent them from doing so, even if that were desirable. The moral shouting against gambling does little more than encourage the practice, increase illegal activity, and create contempt for government.

MORRIS L. ERNST.

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Random House Books

Cass Timberlane

SINCLAIR LEWIS at his best, in a novel of husbands and wives. "One of the frankest books of our generation."—*Henry Seidel Canby.* "Full of fire and longing, and of a humor that sometimes ripples and sometimes roars."—*Carl Van Doren.* "Sinclair Lewis has done it again."—*Atlantic Monthly.* *390 pages, $2.75*

He Brings Great News

By CLEMENCE DANE. "This admirable novel about the aftermath of the Battle of Trafalgar . . . is a beautifully told, exciting narrative pulsing with the breath of life—a quality we have almost ceased to look for in current historical romances."—*New Yorker.* By the author of *Broome Stages* and *A Bill of Divorcement.* *$2.50*

Names on the Land

By GEORGE R. STEWART. The story of how American place names came to be. "A lavish feast of local lore."—*N. Y. Times.* "Unquestionably on the way to becoming a classic."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* "Completely fascinating."—*Chicago News.* "A triumph of creative research."—*New Yorker.* *5th printing, 418 pages, $3.00*

THE City of Trembling Leaves

By WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK. "Written with power and beauty . . . a story of adolescence and youth set in Reno and the neighboring mountains."—*Saturday Review.* "To read it is to be young again."—*Chicago News.* "Possesses a magic all its own."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *4th printing, 690 pages, $3.00*

THE Pattern of Soviet Power

By EDGAR SNOW. "More is said about Russia, present and *future,* in these pages than in any other book about the Soviet I have read this year . . . A significant report for the American public to be studying in the coming months."—*Philadelphia Record.* By the author of *Red Star Over China.* *50th thousand, $2.75*

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TRADE Winds

THE SONGS OF Abe Burrows, which have convulsed the cognoscenti of Hollywood and Broadway, will be collected and published in book form next spring. Some of the titles: "The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes (What Makes Her Different?)"; "I'm Walking Down Memory Lane, Without a Thing to Remember"; "Have You Ever Seen Levine in His Flying Machine (My God, What a Horrible Sight)"; and "I Wasn't Cured by a Doctor or a Vet; I Was Cured by the Song of Bernadette." Burrows wrote the Duffy's Tavern radio scripts for five years, and helped create that wondrous character, Two-Headed Gruskin. His "documentary" on Boulder Dam made Henry Kaiser cry with laughter at the Cecil Browns's one evening. His takeoff on a Norman Corwin radio show is so devastating that Corwin (a wonderful sport about it) fears it will haunt his creative hours for months to come.

Burrows served a brief spell as producer at Paramount. "I prefer not to stub my toes at the outset on a new picture," he told the Board of Directors. "Won't you let me get into my stride by doing a good remake first?" "That's very modest of you and very wise," said the Chairman. "What picture would you like to remake?" "'Going My Way'," said Burrows. In more serious vein, he hopes some day to write a book that will trace the influence of humor on world history.

Burrows told me he was riding in a car with a nervous playwright in New Jersey a few weeks ago. The driver was reckless and erratic, and had his passengers on the edge of their seats. When the towers of the George Washington Bridge loomed in the distance, the playwright tapped the driver on the shoulder and suggested, "Don't cross that bridge till you come to it!" . . . That calls to mind Earl Wilson's story of the time Beatrice Lillie offered a lift to an actress she loathed. In her sweetest manner, she asked, "Can I drop you anywhere—off the George Washington Bridge, for instance?" . . .

THE LAST TIME Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" was done in the movies, it starred a fellow named Valentino. Heavens to Betsy, who do you think is going to make the new version? Bob Hope! Mr. Tarkington says, "This is just one more choice item for my autobiography—if I ever finish it!" . . . Another tid-bit for the "It Only Could Happen in Hollywood" department is the selection of Aldous Huxley to write the scenario for Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland." . . . All this had nothing to do with William Faulkner's decision to quit the Gold Coast and finish his new novel in Oxford, Mississippi. He's driving home with a trailer that contains his horse. The horse is "expecting" and Bill explains that he wants the colt to be born "at home." . . .

IN A TALK recorded for the British Broadcasting Corporation, V. S. Pritchett delivered some straight-from-the-shoulder comments on present-day book publishing, a few of which I quote herewith:

> There are three evils in the present happy-go-lucky system: first, high-pressure, speculative publishing of the American kind in which author and publisher are like gamblers aiming at a quick return; it was typical of modern business between the wars and turned writers into race-horses. The second evil is the fact that millions of readers read books without paying a penny directly to the author and publisher. The readers of public and private libraries ought to pay a tax of a penny, twopence, or some sum like that, every time they take out one of my books. The green-grocer does not expect to have to give away nine-tenths of his stock, just because the other tenth has been paid for. The third evil is that after a certain number of years (fifty-six in America) an author's property becomes, not public property, but the private property of anyone smart enough to speculate in it. The profits made out of the publication of books out of copyright ought to be taxed and the tax paid into a literary fund . . .
>
> My ideal publisher is either himself a critic or employs one as his literary adviser. One of the greatest of these was the late Edward Garnett, and we can see how important and grateful his service to literature was by reading his correspondence with such writers as D. H. Lawrence and Conrad and Galsworthy. A publisher is often obliged to be tactful and reticent with an author; but authors can always see through this. They need to find, in their publisher's office, a man who applies disinterested criticism to their work, who helps to provide that warm climate in which their work can grow. One may quarrel with him, as Lawrence quarreled with Edward Garnett, but the quarrel will be real, an issue of literature, and the kind of thing which writers are used to and by their nature understand. This literary adviser must be a man with a vocation. It is hopeless if, like the editors of so many American magazines, he is a disappointed writer.
>
> I doubt if the speculative commercial publisher who, of course, often publishes excellent books, will provide this advice; for he will have little notion of the vocational sense of literature. It is this sense of vocation which I want to see revived. Many of the old-fashioned publishers subscribed to it: they were proud of the great names on their lists; and it is to this principle that publishing must return now that author and publisher are faced by the enormous new literate class which desires to share in the heritage of the educated. . . .

"Guess Who?"

THE AUTHORESS of a current best-seller very obviously considers herself an irresistible glamor girl, conveniently disregarding a formidable set of buck teeth. An ungallant soul at a literary tea created a furore by telling her, "I'll bet you're the only person in New York who can eat a tomato through a tennis racket." . . . A couple I know took their young daughter to her first movie, "The Keys of the Kingdom." On the way home, they passed several nuns. The little girl tugged at her mother's sleeve and said, "Look, mama. Actors" . . . On the first morning of the elevator strike, most of the employees of Grosset and Dunlap shuffled uncertainly in the lobby. Berney Geis, with a jug of brandy tied under his chin, resolutely set out to climb eleven flights of stairs to the office. "I know John O'Connor got in, as usual, at eight—before the strike started," said Geis. "If he wants you all to climb up, I'll wave a poster for 'Brave Men' from the window. If I display our 'Thurber Carnival' poster, you can go home." O'Connor said their individual consciences would have to be their guides, so Geis waved *both* posters from the window. About three out of four turned out to be brave men and women. . . .

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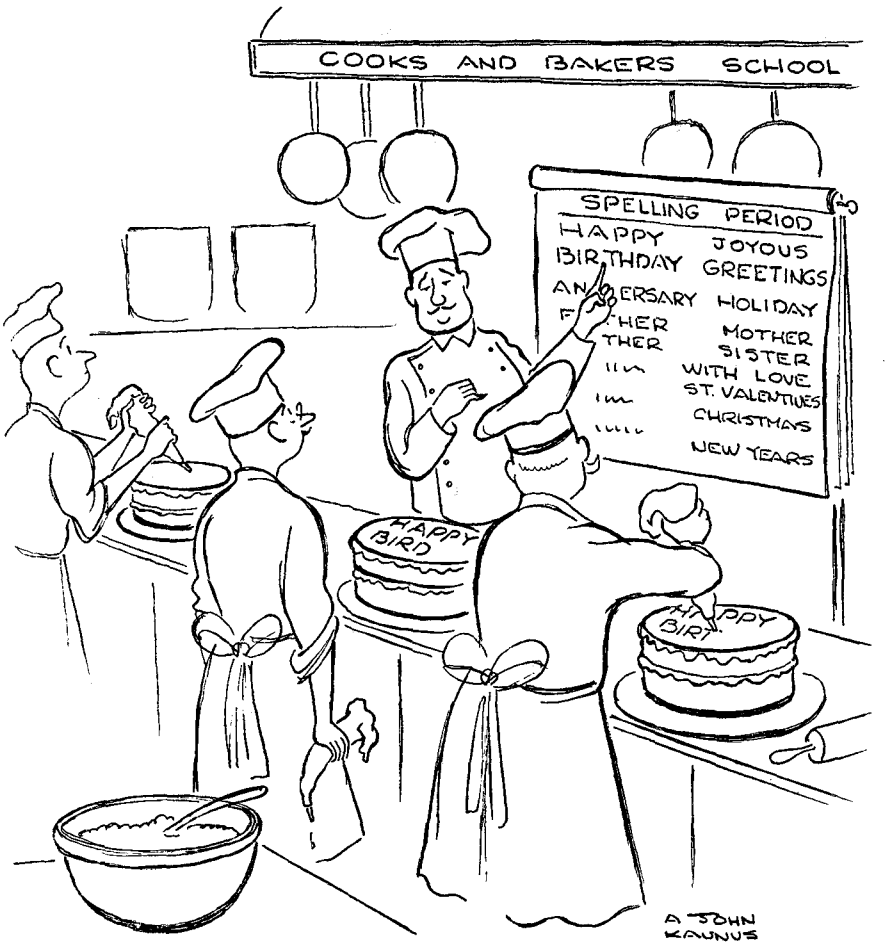

VAN CARTMELL divided his leisure time during the month of September between profiling Roland Young for *Pageant* and getting through the second wicket of Margaret Emerson's croquet course. According to Van, Young, never partial to physical exercise, once was persuaded to take up tennis, and was quite bucked about the improvement in his game until somebody told him it was permissible during actual play to remove the press from the racket. . . . If you have any friends who seriously echo the stuff they read in O'Donnell and Pegler's columns, I beg you to give them two books: Henry Morgenthau, Jr.'s "Germany Is Our Problem" and Andrew Roth's "Dilemma in Japan." Then hold a gun to their heads until they read them. . . . Chester Feitel is back with Kay Kamen. Watch for bigger and better Walt Disney books! . . . Fathers-to-be get a hilarious going over in "Stork Bites Man," written by Louis Pollock, illustrated by Carl Rose, and published by World. . . . Macmillan has reissued H. G. Wells's "The Shape of Things to Come." Mr. Wells wrote this book in 1933; his predictions that sounded most fantastic at the time have come true already. . . .

OVER THE RADIO, George Agnew Chamberlain heard the voice of Bing Crosby: "A mule is an animal with long funny ears; he kicks up at anything he hears; his back is brawny but his brain is weak; he's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak." Chamberlain was stunned and outraged. In his opinion, "No other animal, and only a scattering of outstanding men, can approach the intelligence, fidelity, and single-hearted love of a mule." He dashed to a typewriter to prove his point. Three weeks later, Robert H. Reed, editor of *The Country Gentleman,* declared that "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!" was the best serial the magazine ever had bought. It will be out in book form soon. If Mr. Chamberlain is a sport, he'll cut the author of Crosby's song, and The Home for Over-age Single-hearted Mules in on his royalties. . . .

BEATRICE KAUFMAN'S love of life and laughter, her abiding interest in the affairs of a myriad of friends, were so great that it will be a long time before they realize she is gone. She was the core and connecting link of scores of people in every walk of life who owe some of their success today to her ever-ready counsel and sympathy when the going was roughest. Part of the fun of doing things was telling Beatrice about them. Her death will leave an unfillable gap in our lives.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

AN Eastern story-editor of a motion-picture company suggested to one of our editors that we try and find a novel about a Southern Baptist minister which would make a good movie. Our editor thought he knew just the guy for it, a client of the agent, Harold Matson. He phoned Matson, and to their joint dismay they found that the client was what people in big cities call *all-tied-up.* Then Matson snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "JAMES STREET! What about JAMES STREET!" STREET liked the idea too, and thus was born **The Gauntlet,** STREET'S first serious contemporary novel. What neither our editor nor Matson knew at first was that JAMES STREET had been a Southern minister.

Stories like this one of how books are born are interesting because they show that the world is full of wagons waiting to be hitched to stars. Sometimes the wagons are little shays or buggies which fly lightly and gaily across the brief twilight of an evening's reading. Sometimes they are great harvesting machines with arms and cogs and teeth, mowing their way across the literary firmament. Judging from advance notices, this book is a harvester.

★ ★ ★ ★

WOLCOTT GIBBS gave GERTRUDE LAWRENCE'S **A Star Danced** seven columns in *The New Yorker,* a little publication having its desks in the same office building with the Hays Office and undertaking some censuring of its own. What censuring Mr. Gibbs did of MISS LAWRENCE'S book was sprinkled over seven columns, and do you know how much a square pica is worth on 43rd St.? All in all MISS LAWRENCE was highly pleased and so were her publishers. In fact, she even wrote some verse to Mr. Gibbs, replying to an uncensored verse of Noel Coward's (addressed to MISS LAWRENCE) with which Gibbs ended the review. Her five stanza ditty ends:

So dear Mr. G.
Accept thanks from me
That my work filled you not
with abhorance.
You've guessed it by Gum!
The time has now cum
It rhymes! *So I signs—*

Gertrude Lawrence

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

SLICE OF LIFE?

ONCE, when a bad little play, the very name of which is now happily forgotten, crept onto Broadway, Richard Lockridge described its arrival by saying it had opened like a yawn.

Incredibly enough, it was with much the same exposure of tongue, tonsils, palate, and molars, that "Thérèse" * opened recently in New York. I say "incredibly enough," because "Thérèse" is, of course, nothing more nor less than Thomas Job's adaptation of "Thérèse Raquin." And "Thérèse Raquin," when Zola first wrote it as a novel nearly eighty years ago, and then turned it into a play a few years later, was anything but yawnful.

Shocking, yes. Revolutionary, certainly. Daring. Audacious. Appalling. Any of those adjectives which are heaped upon works for which neither the critics nor the public are quite ready. But yawnful, no.

Sitting before Zola's melodrama at the Biltmore, it is difficult if not impossible for us to realize that a play which will no doubt soon go out like a lamb had once come in like a lion.

We accept its innovations as commonplaces. We take its conquests for granted. To most of us it seems merely dull; badly acted; unfortunately directed. We see it not for what it contributed to the theatre as we know it, but as a part of the theatre we know. Its tale of how a wife and her lover drown her husband, and then are haunted not only by his memory but by the accusing eyes of his paralyzed mother, we judge solely as melodrama; as a psychological thriller; as present-day entertainment. As such, both its story and its devices are bound to seem tame to audiences accustomed to such stronger fare as "Angel Street," or even "Uncle Harry."

It is hard to look at embers in the grate, and imagine the fire which once burned there. Boston is always susceptible to outrage. But why, when confronted with Mrs. Potter's and Kyrle Bellew's production of "Thérèse Raquin" as late as 1892, should the critic of the *Boston Gazette* have felt violated by a play most of us deem merely sleepy, talky, and outmoded? At any rate, it stoked him into saying:

> One of the most revolting plays ever presented in this city. It reeks with morbid nastiness and is disgusting, not to say sickening to witness. Dramas of this hideous order are outside the pale of art. . . . Their odor is that of the dissecting room and the pleasure that seeing them affords is of the kind that is derived from gazing on a corpse sweltering in corruption. Its themes are vulgar salaciousness, adultery, murder, carnal passion changed to satiety, loathing, hatred, paralysis and suicide. It illustrates coarse lust at its lowest, brutality at its zenith, and morality at its nadir. It may be true to nature, and the story may be told with thrilling power; but it is none the less filthy, prurient, shocking and repulsive. . . . Etc., etc., etc.

When he sat before the same production in the same season, why should William Winter, the *Tribune's* ever-moral "Weeping Willie," have been as insulted by what he saw as if his prejudices had been affronted by Ibsen or "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? Where "Thérèse" leaves us relaxed and drowsy, it caused him to huff and puff. Mustering his adjectives, he referred to Zola as "that pestilential scavenger." "To describe this noxious rubbish in detail," he roared,

> would be to offend the readers of this journal. . . . Whenever it becomes right to dip into a sewer for refreshment, it will become right to present upon the stage, in a work of art, persons who are monsters of depraved carnality and pictures that reek with vulgar crime.

How can a gasp have turned so utterly into a yawn? Why have we so changed? Have we lost our decencies? Are we tougher, less sensitive? I always remember John Addington Symonds's disturbing explanation of why the spank-spots on the writhing figures in Signorelli's frescoes at Orvieto are moss-green. "Continual growth in crime," droned Symonds, "distorts the form that once was human."

Should we be alarmed about ourselves because we now complain that in its present guise "Thérèse Raquin" is too tepid to hold our interest? Or should we be thankful? Most probably, neither. We live in a franker age. We may have pruderies of our own, but the old pruderies are not ours. Our different response is a matter of changed tastes and altered expectations. We go to a realistic theatre which Zola helped to bring about. This makes it difficult for us to understand the older theatre which he helped to bury. We acknowledge our debt to Zola by being bored by him. This is a fate not uncommon among the innovators who have won their battles in art.

—*Vandamm Studio*

"No matter which way you slice 'Thérèse' nowadays it is still baloney."

When the curtain goes up at the Biltmore, what we see is a combination livingroom-diningroom designed by Raymond Sovey. Although French in its details, it is the kind of setting we have seen a thousand times. It is old hat now, not new. It smacks of the daguerreotype rather than the barricades. Unless we are historically-minded, we fail to realize that Zola's demand for such a setting was in itself revolutionary.

"The room is high, dark, and dilapidated," the original stage direction reads, *"hung with gray, stained paper; decorated with broken pieces of furniture; filled with boxes of merchandise. A bed is in an alcove; a window opens on a blank wall."* Certainly a stage so set offers little that is unorthodox to contemporary playgoers.

The fact that we take such a background for granted, instead of being appalled by it, is one of the reasons why the melodrama lacks the power to shock which it could once claim. When Zola turned his novel into a play, he was ahead of his time. Most decidedly, he was a man with a mission; a crusader for the truth.

In his famous preface to his dramatization of "Thérèse Raquin" (1873) he mentioned Naturalism for the first time. In other words, he spoke of it fourteen years before Antoine was to introduce naturalistic productions to the French stage at his Théâtre Libre.

**THERESE, a play by Thomas Job based on Emile Zola's "Thérèse Raquin." Presented by Victor Payne-Jennings and Bernard Klawans at the Biltmore Theatre. Staged by Margaret Webster. Setting and Costumes by Raymond Sovey. With Eva LeGallienne, Victor Jory, Dame May Whitty, Berry Kroeger, Doris Patston, John F. Hamilton, Averell Harris, and Annette Sorell.*

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Brander Matthews once claimed that a Naturalist was a man who would not paint your portrait unless you had a wart on your face. Perhaps more accurately Naturalism can be defined as being Realism when it had to be fought for.

Zola felt the historic drama was dying of its own falsities. He defied the last of the Romanticists to put behind the footlights an heroic drama. "At the sight of all the secret doors, poisoned wines, and the rest, the audience," said he, "would only shrug its shoulders." Zola's aim was to bring the theatre into closer relation with the great movement towards truth and experimental science which, since the last century, had been on the increase in every manifestation of the human intellect. In particular, he sought to do for the stage what had already been done for the novel and for painting.

He realized the waning Romantics might forgive him if he had made his merchant's wife a queen, and if his murderer had worn an apricot-colored cloak. He was aware that such champions of the older drama would be more lenient towards him if, at the end, his lovers, Thérèse and Laurent, took poison from a golden goblet filled to the brim with Syracusan wine. But he knew his critics would never forgive him "that nasty little shop" in which he had placed his play, and "those lower middle-class shopkeepers who presume to participate in a drama of their own in their own house" around a kitchen table covered with oilcloth.

The oilcloth was part of his battle. He saw it as a symbol of the bourgeoisie. It was the flag which he ran up as a Naturalist. "It is time," Zola insisted, "to base our works on truth. . . . The drama will either die or become realistic."

The irony of "Thérèse" is that, as seen today, Zola's play seems neither true nor scientific. It comes across only as being false, old-fashioned, and slow. It is about as shocking as a bust of Prince Albert; as scientific as "Rigoletto"; as thrilling as "Marinka."

Mr. Job has not helped matters by the liberties he has taken with the text. Although he is working with a Zola script, he is apparently unable to get his own "Uncle Harry" out of his mind. The murderous lovers in his version do not die by taking prussic acid. They confess their crime to the police inspector who is their old crony at dominoes.

"Thérèse" might—indeed, should—be far more exciting than it is, if only the performance did not seem as stiffly translated as the text. By this I mean that Margaret Webster, who is so knowing at Shakespeare, tries here to

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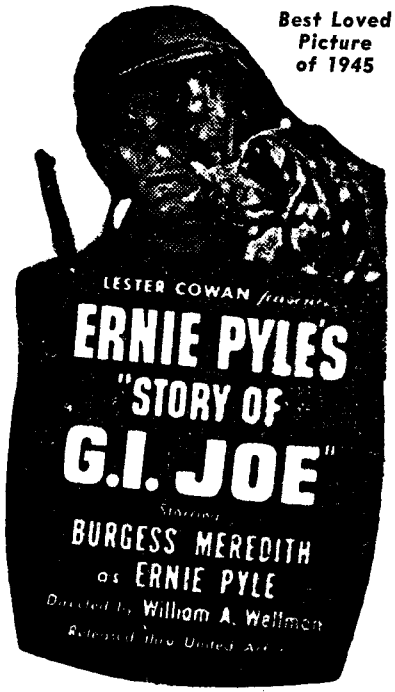
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make English and American actors adjust their temperaments to a French script, instead of allowing them to adjust a French script to their own temperaments.

The result is not fortunate. Although there is a great deal of screaming, shouting, and shrugging, all of it is so resolutely unLatin that emotionally it never gets beyond the "la parapluie de ma tante" stage. Victor Jory, for example, plays the murderer under the mistaken notion that a French artist, when excited, is a cross between a windmill and a calliope. Miss LeGallienne, who has a lovely if monotonous voice in its lower registers, proves vocally unable to rise to the shrieking climaxes demanded of her as Thérèse.

As Madame Raquin, who first believes her daughter-in-law innocent, and then discovers she has been an accomplice in the murder of her son, Dame May Whitty gives a commendable performance in the orthodox tradition of English character acting. Her Madame Raquin, however, refuses to take out naturalization papers in France. Unquestionably she is effective in the last act when, supposedly paralyzed, she is wheeled into the room, and must dominate the scene with her accusing eyes. But effective as she then is, I must admit that playing the male equivalent of such a stricken part, without lines to learn, without gestures to make, and with only eyes to roll, is the only acting assignment I have ever felt I could, with patient direction, take over on the stage.

Zola's famous rallying cry was for a "fragment of life" (*lambeau d'existence*) which Jean Jullien paraphrased as a "slice of life" (*Tranche de vie*). No matter which way you slice "Thérèse" nowadays it is still baloney. And stale baloney at that.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Figures in a Whirl

EVER AFTER. By Elswyth Thane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 334 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD AMSTER

LIKE an expert juggler, Miss Thane, in the third volume of her projected Williamsburg Pentalogy, keeps many shining balls in the air which, coming to rest for a moment in her hands, are found to be opaque and not nearly so iridescent, so properly mirroring, as her audience is likely to believe while they twirl and flash deceptively in an atmosphere of their author's own contriving. Offstage lights of contemporaneous historical events are thrown on them, but the Greco-Turkish War, troubles in Africa and Crete, and the Spanish American War remain offstage remote illuminations directed on characters that, caught in the glare of history, behave as if they had met merely a detour on their foreordained ways.

The Day-Sprague-Murray clan, with one exception, is composed of civilized, temperate people whom divorce, death, war, and suspicion of murder fail to alter. The handsome Murray brother and sister leave Williamsburg for England and pursue love there in an earl's family during the Jubilee Summer of 1897. This is difficult, for Virginia has her heart set on an impecunious younger son, whom conscience will not permit to declare his feelings, and Bracken is forced to wait for a fifteen-year-old girl to reach maturity and for his unhappy marriage to an adventuress to be resolved. This is accomplished by illegal killing, murder, of which he is naturally suspected, but war, which involves killing (legal), never affects Bracken or the other characters. Bracken is a special correspondent on his father's New York newspaper and with his cousin (the *"different"* one) covers the war in Cuba. Discomfort, disease, a minor wound come to them, but the knowledge of death touches them intimately only when word reaches them of the demise of Bracken's father in the States.

Miss Thane's own stage is crowded with people and events, too numerous to enumerate. Because she elects to superimpose them on a larger, more significant stage, she reduces her amiable men and women to less than life-size in the perspective which historical progression inevitably gives to the progress of an individual.

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The nation is a rope of many strands. If one strand is frayed, this rope is that much weaker. Few would deny that, but many willfully chafe those strands.

The analogy holds no further, for the strands are men and women — the rope lives, it is possessed of a powerful tendency to grow stronger. The parted strands eagerly reknit whenever, wherever unequal friction is removed.

We are a nation of many cultures. Diversity has been our strength. We are founded upon belief in individuality and the power of cooperation.

We are built on the idea that races can learn the love of liberty and the responsibility that goes with it. Out of this comes an unimagined vigor, a rich flow of art and science, a towering originality of form and power of disinterested thought which make the nation what it is: One nation, indivisible so long as there is liberty and justice for all.

ONE NATION is a book about some of the minority peoples who have meant so much to American culture. It is a book that takes you deep into Chinatown and Pachuco shack town, into the back slums of Chicago, and out upon the Navajoes' prairies. In pictures and by word, it shows how these peoples react to bad treatment and to good treatment at the hands of other Americans.

One Nation

BY WALLACE STEGNER AND THE EDITORS OF LOOK

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Funny Business in Wash and Line

ALL OUT FOR THE SACK RACE! By Robert Day. New York: Random House. 1945. $2.50.

THIS ONE'S ON ME! By Mischa Richter. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. $2.50.

BEST CARTOONS OF THE YEAR 1945. *Edited by Lawrence Lariar. New York: Crown Publishers.* 128 *pp.* $2.00.

FUNNY BUSINESS. Edited by Marione R. Derrickson and John Bailey. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. $2.50.

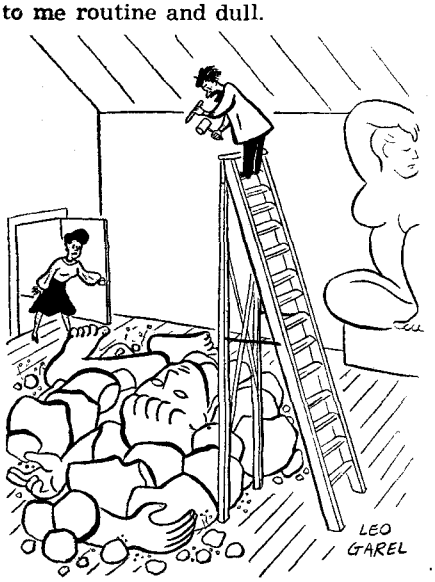
FORTY CARTOONS IN WARTIME. By John C. Chase. New Orleans: The Higgins Press. 1945. 43 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SGT. RAY DUNCAN

PEOPLE who live in good cartoons have an easy time of it. They usually either are philosophers or fools, and when confronted with disaster, as they often are, they don't quite grasp it or they view it with detachment.

Take, for instance, Robert Day's collision of two freight trains, head-on. The crushed locomotives lie smoking on the tracks. On a nearby highway 20 or 30 hoboes are lined up, half on one side of the road, half on the other, all with their thumbs extended. On every face is a placid smile and a mute appeal for a ride. There is no evidence of their having passed through a recent emotional crisis.

People who live in poor cartoons (and there are plenty of them in these five collections) suffer much more visibly. In the so-called "Best Cartoons of the Year 1945" the characters shed visible sweat-drops, their hats fly off, and they rock back on their heels when faced with situations that seem to me routine and dull.

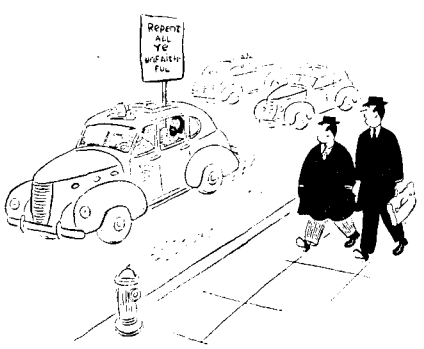


—Leo Garel in "Best Cartoons of the Year 1945."
"That last little tap did it!"

This handling of reaction is to me the test of an artist's comic touch. Good cartoonists turn up now and then with sour gags, but they seldom fail to create a world in which dignity prevails in the very teeth of utter disaster and confusion. And if a character does react to the situation or gag, he registers far less than the catastrophe calls for. He is always just beginning to comprehend.

Robert Day is a master of this understated reaction, of the placid grin on the fat and foolish face, or the mildly harassed look on a citizen whose world is tumbling down around his ears.

In Day's "All Out for the Sack Race!," he has created his world without resorting to any eccentricities of drawing. There is no affectation of crudeness or ineptness. You get the impression that Mr. Day is drawing as well as he can. He is the leading



—Robert Day in "All Out for the Sack Race!"
"Everyone has money these days."

authority on the rounded chin, sloping shoulders, and the receding hair line. He can make a sack suit look sackier than anyone else, and even his coat lapels are eloquently absurd. His limp and unpressed people behave always with as much flair as they can muster.

Day is best in picturing people who have blundered themselves into a dilemma. "But I only wanted to go to Staten Island!" says a motorist who somehow has driven his car aboard an aircraft carrier and is heading for the open sea. A radio announcer in a huge and completely deserted football stadium says, "Well, folks, here it is starting time! . . . One moment while we take a look at that little old schedule." The sack race drawing which gives the book its name has by now become a classic.

Among other things, Day's military touch is far surer than most cartoonists drawing for civilians. I don't know whether he was in the Army, but at least he gives that impression. He has wisely forsaken the tough sergeant gags with which even a first-rater like Richter has been too often inspired.

—Mischa Richter in "This One's on Me!"
"Of course you remember it, Bryan. It's the one the man upstairs hates so much."

Richter is a man of more violence than Day. In "This One's On Me!" his people shout and grin and wave their arms around, but the essential comic understatement still is there. Their reactions never are equal to the situation. A thief running down a city street, chased by a policeman, gravely accepts a card from a sidewalk photographer. And, incidentally, the pursuing policeman observes the transaction without visible surprise. To me this is first-rate comedy, an effect which Richter doesn't always achieve.

He is guilty, for instance, of such barren gags as the dowager who says to her husband, a general, "You never take ME to the theater of operations." His flights into fantasy frequently end in forced landings, and his satire sometimes is blunt and unsuccessful. This book could have done with a little weeding out, for Richter at his best is genuinely comic. And he draws very well. With a few broad strokes he manages to suggest a neighborhood, a room, or a shade of expression. A real gem is his portrait of an executive beaming as he listens to his own voice playing back on his dictaphone. Richter's drawings seem to have been dashed off, a nice effect whether it happens to be true or not.

"The Best Cartoons of the Year 1945" couldn't have the unity of the Day and Richter books, but there could have been a few more gleams of humor from this hodge-podge from *Liberty, Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post,* and others. A few drawings by Virgil Partch, Bill O'Malley, and Michael Berry show occasional spontaneity, but mostly this collection is limp and third-rate. If it has any value it's to introduce a few of the better young cartoonists from the Armed Forces who may soon be doing first

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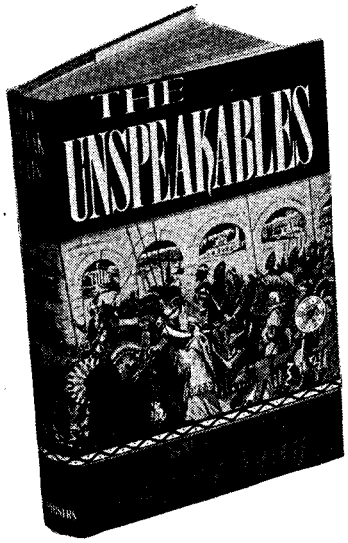

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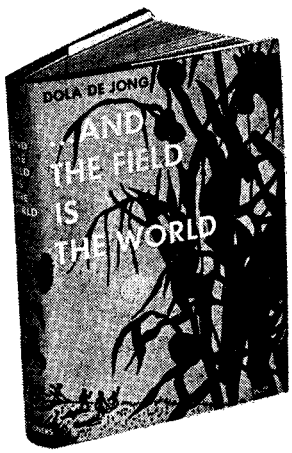

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rate work. Leo Salkin, Irwin Chaplan, and Ponce de Leon are the best of these.

Setting the tone for this discouraging volume is the painfully forced humor of the introduction, signed by "Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle." There are men who believe they are amusing when they think up multi-syllable names like that with "Q" for a middle initial. Since Col. Stoopnagle is otherwise unidentified, the editor of this collection, Lawrence Lariar, will have to bear the blame for his work.

Each contributing artist to the "Best Cartoons" has provided a paragraph of autobiographical prose to go with his drawings. It takes a good man to resist the temptation to be funny in a brief autobiography. "I was born because I remember being a perfectly darling little thing," one begins, and the others aren't very much better.

A little better collection is "Funny Business," cartoons from *The Saturday Evening Post*. The title of this book is frequently misleading, but at least it's not a gross misstatement like "The Best Cartoons of 1945." Occasionally here there is real fantasy and freshness. The drawing is ordinary, and most of the gags are the standard derivatives commonly used to break up solid type, or to lure readers into the back advertising pages of magazines.

The comic strip influence is too often present here. In one drawing a question mark appears over somebody's head, and one of my friends reported the same vision appeared over mine while I studied these pages. There are several Richters here, and they're the best in the book, which leads off with a coy "light touch" foreword by the editors, Marione R. Derrickson and John Bailey.

This is my chance to protest briefly against certain recurring themes in gag cartoons which have hampered that art in recent years. The gag cartoon has improved very much, thanks mainly to *The New Yorker*. But even that magazine uses too many drawings showing two people on a desert island or a raft. The humor here arises from the fact that one of them is saying something that makes sense in civilization, but is meaningless in an isolated spot. This still passes for social commentary. Richter uses it in his book, and so does Day. Also I'm growing weary of drawings of little mechanical men on the sidewalk. I could do without any more psychoanalysts' offices, or sculptors' studios. Many of the best cartoons took place there, but now let's go somewhere else, shall we?

Even the good artists still are using the anachronistic gag, the contemporary remark in the ancient setting.

—Rodney de Sarro in "Funny Business."

Richter's cave men and women are examples, although his are so well done that you nearly forgive him. Day seems to be fond of his highway pottery shop, but his religious fanatics are a happier inspiration.

But, of course, the sources of cartoon humor are unfortunately few and simple. The humble object or action in a dignified setting, the familiar remark or action in an unusual setting, the too-casual remark in a tense situation, the too-obvious remark, the public display of nudeness or underclothing, and a very few others. New gags are very rare, but a first-rate cartoonist creates a world in which the gravity and dignity of the surroundings and the facial expressions of his characters and bystanders, all help the weary gag along.

All of which is probably a little stuffy. A cartoon either is amusing or it isn't, and there isn't much purpose in figuring out why.

"Forty Cartoons in Wartime" is a collection of political drawings by John Chase of the *New Orleans Item*. The newspaper political cartoon is an American institution and a force for good, I'm told, but there seems little reason to put Mr. Chase's drawings into a book. It is a permanent record of frequent wrong-guessing and lack of penetration. A tiny mouse, labelled "Jap," is shown doubling its fists and saying, "Bring on dem cats!" This was drawn before Pearl Harbor and Bataan, and should mercifully have been forgotten, but the commentary beside it says that perhaps this cartoon is even funnier now than it was after it was drawn. There are other drawings depicting the Axis as a trio of puny upstarts.

The commentary, written in a stuffy prose which refers to boxing as "the world of fisticuffs," adds nothing to the drawings. Mr. Chase often uses the printed label, one of the annoying conventions of political cartooning. Maybe it's necessary to write on his characters "Taxpayer" or "War" or "Jap," but it seemed to me that Mr. Chase's drawing is enough to dispense with some of these signboards.

The World of Stephen Leacock

LAST LEAVES. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THAT part of wit which is simply intellectual penetration of a very curious universe has not deserted Mr. Leacock in this collection of his last articles, but the pieces are very different from the exuberant satires which gave him his first literary public. Comparisons are stupid because those first efforts were good and funny and even a little boisterous; these are good and funny at times, but inclined to be soberly thoughtful.

Perhaps they are more valuable than the satires. The attempts at soldering the manners of the Americans and the English are not very convincing, particularly because Leacock frequently stops being a don and bursts out with a jocosity in the best American fashion—he never admitted it, but he was always far more a Yankee than a Britisher, and owed a good deal to the school of Mark Twain and Bill Nye and Eugene Field.

He is not even consistent within his own bounds; while arguing convincingly—if any man needed convincing—that witty women are unattractive to men, he casts aspersions on the noble pun and then makes one. It reminds one of the late Irvin Cobb's last remarks; he was proud that he hadn't quoted, "The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated." And so, in this abnegation he quoted it.

I am sorry to say that I am completely in accord with his essay against chauvinism in North America in "All Right, Mr. Roosevelt," but since the principals in this argument have both left us it is better to let the reader argue that out with himself. Leacock's chauvinism was for the Continent, though he does occasionally put in a lick for the British Isles (except Ireland). It does seem a little absurd that two nations, one of which long ago told the Crown to go jump in the lake, and the other, which continues that hearty practice, should not have at least closer economic and political relations.

"Uncle Sam, Good Neighbor" is one of the most appealing bits of propaganda for close Anglo-American relations that has been written lately. Again Mr. Leacock attempts to be

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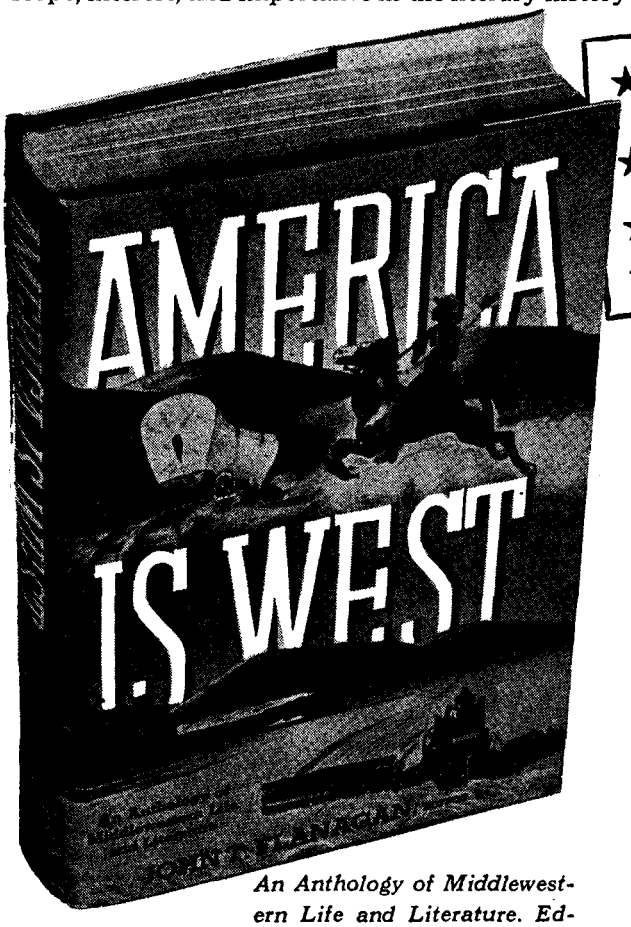

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American and British at once and turns out to be just a wee mite, as some quaint Americans say, more American.

The articles on Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert are such matters as someone must eventually write about Stephen Leacock, astute and amusing and plentifully decked with those "conversations" which were pathetically missing in the book of Alice's (of Wonderland's) older sister. Carroll himself was his own greatest paradox, and it is diverting to read one mathematician-philosopher-humorist discussing another, particularly after one has read the excellent preface on Leacock by his niece. It is a case of the kettle calling the kettle polished, but with a curious twist on the spout.

These are only a few of the twenty-one essays. By far the best of them all is "Common-Sense and the Universe" which in its thinking and simple clarity would have been a credit to Bacon or even Spinoza. Leacock's point is that scientists should stick to phenomena—when they begin to fool with metaphysics they make idiots of themselves and damage esteem for pure science.

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Making of Nazis

LITTLE SUPERMAN. By Heinrich Mann. Translated by Ernest Boyd. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 317 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IN one of his latest essays (written, incidentally, on the occasion of his brother Thomas's seventieth birthday), Heinrich Mann summed up the "purpose of literature" as essentially "the same as that of theology and medicine, namely, to teach people how to live." And in another recent essay, he grants the writer of our days "every right to be a virtuoso and Mephisto" in any field except one: "As to the social truths—which we ought to think over and absorb as we are used to do with the psychological ones—we must be very simple and serious."

Throughout his whole literary work, the dimensions of which are truly great in every respect, Heinrich Mann has always followed those two advices: he tried to teach people, first of all his fellow-Germans, how to live more reasonably and with greater human dignity and happiness; and while displaying at times all the magic tricks of an experimental style-virtuoso and/or satirical Mephisto, he never failed to preach with candid simplicity and serious fervor the truths considered by him essential for the diagnosis of this world's social ailments and for the treatment to be applied to them.

Heinrich Mann's novels, as far as they deal with contemporaneous themes, do not belong to the kind prevalent in German literature. They are not *Erziehungsromane,* stories of the (sentimental or unsentimental) education of an individual hero, with the historical, political, and social aspects of his world sketched only hazily and fragmentarily. His novels on Germany, notably "The Small Town," "Fool's Paradise," "Chase After Love," "Professor Garbage—Small Town Tyrant," and above all "The Patrioteer," constitute rather a counterpart to the great English, French, and Russian novels which paint a panorama of a whole period, a portrait of man and his social relations, a sort of literary X-ray picture showing the changes in the nature of individuals and in the structure of society.

In reviewing for the *SRL* Heinrich Mann's "Small Town Tyrant," a year or so ago, I regretted the fact that so few of his novels—"keys to the understanding of those trends and elements in German life leading towards the establishment of the Third Reich of barbarism"—were accessible to the American reading public, and I pointed out especially that "rereading, for in-

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stance, 'The Patrioteer,' we recognize with admiration and awe that there was already, back in 1914, a perfect novelistic picture of the coming Fuehrer, a prophetic preview of the Hitler type of today, a brilliant and most complete warrant, too readily overlooked, alas."

Now, Creative Age Press is republishing "The Patrioteer"—since two decades out of print—under the title "Little Superman," and if I had the necessary authority I would make this book required reading for the personnel of the Military Government in Germany. For, the story of Diederich Hessling, perfect subject for His Imperial Majesty William II, ruthless social climber, noisy admirer of everyone higher-up and brutal despiser of the plebs, remains even after thirty years one of the most lucid and informative studies of that "average good German" who cheered Hitler, joined the Nazi party, and enjoyed the loot of the Wehrmacht as long as war and crime seemed to pay, and who, after the downfall of the Third Reich, hurriedly turned into an innocent victim of Hitlerism all too ready to offer his efficient services to his dear American liberators.

When "Little Superman" was first published, a majority of the critics attacked the author for what they called his acid satirical exaggerations and distortions. But the developments of recent history have fully vindicated him. Allied newspaper correspondents who visited one of Heinrich Himmler's "breeding institutions" at Schwanenwerder, near Berlin, reported that the so-called copulation rooms were adorned with life-size Hitler pictures in front of the beds. This arrangement could have been made by Diederich Hessling, as evidenced by his behavior on his honeymoon trip:

> And then Diederich was off with Guste. They got into a first-class carriage. He gave the porter three marks and pulled down the blinds. Carried on the wings of happiness, his desire for action suffered no relaxation. Guste could never have expected so amorous a temperament. "You are not like Lohengrin," she said. As she swooned away and closed her eyes, Diederich got up again. Like a man of iron he stood before her, his order hanging from his breast; he glittered like steel. "Before we go any further," he said in martial tones, "let us think of His Majesty, our Gracious Emperor. We must keep before us the higher aim of doing honor to His Majesty, and of giving him capable soldiers."

"Little Superman" is a book of lasting importance, full of wit, satire, irony, and wisdom.

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The Saga of Casey Jones

RAILROAD AVENUE. By Freeman H. Hubbard. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 367 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

"YOU might gather from the song . . ." writes Freeman H. Hubbard of the famous "Casey Jones," "that Mr. Jones belongs to the fabulous realm of Santa Claus, the stork, Paul Bunyan, Little Red Riding Hood, and Rip Van Winkle. Such is not the case. The engineer in the song was a real man."

Mr. Freeman goes on into the full story. He got it from Casey's widow, still very much alive, from Sim Webb, the fireman who was with Casey on the run to the "Promised Land," and many of his railroad friends. He illustrates it with the photographs of the engineer himself (whose real name was John Luther Jones but was nicknamed from Cayce, Kentucky, where he grew up); his sons, his hoodoo locomotive, and the section of track on which Casey was "catapulted into glory." And he gives us authentic folklore in the original ballad, created by an illiterate roundhouse Negro and later "dished" up professionally and set to music with glaring inaccuracies into the song we sing today.

The Promised Land story opens the rich treasure-house of rail legend and history which the author calls "Railroad Avenue" from the street down by the tracks in every small town where old time "rail-farers" lived. Mr. Hubbard who, the publisher tells us, was born and raised on Railroad Avenue and knows the lore from the inside is, nevertheless, from his experience as editor of *Railroad Magazine,* a conscientious historian, and states nothing as fact without the evidence. He distinguishes carefully, for instance, between the documented Casey and the mighty "Jawn Henry" who drilled rock for explosives by hand and is supposed to have died fighting the steam drill when it arrived. Jawn lived in fact—the author knows that—but he became so entangled in his own legend that he is as fabulous today as Johnny Appleseed. But the myth, like all myths, has a truth of its own; the truth of the conflict of proud craftsmen with the machine. Mr. Hubbard's contribution here, as elsewhere in the book, is the separation of the bare fact from the rich legend without dulling the high color of a tale told through three generations of railroaders.

Perhaps the most exciting story is that of the train chase in the Civil War when Federal spies stole a locomotive and some box-cars while their Confederate crew had stopped off for breakfast. James Andrews, the spy leader, had intended to run this train with the group hidden in the box cars to Chattanooga, burning all bridges behind him to cut off relief from Chattanooga while the Yankees took it. Had Andrews succeeded, Mr. Hubbard guesses the war might have been shortened by two years. But the crew of the stolen train borrowed a locomotive, chased Andrews so close that he had no time for his sabotage, and caught him finally when his fuel gave out. This story of the furious pursuit of the *General* by the *Texas* —the engines all had names in those days—may be familiar enough to railroad men and careful war-students but I doubt if, in these streamlined days, its thrilling details are known to the general public.

Other vivid chapters give the true account of Kate Shelley, the fifteen-year-old girl who braved storm and flood to stop a midnight express from running into disaster near her trackside home; the tale of the inside-job robbery of the Kansas Express by a brakeman and baggageman and the queer clue that caught them; the amazing conspiracy against striking members of a union in which a watermark in the men's service papers blacklisted them; the history of the Chatsworth disaster caused by a culvert fire; the part that the railroad played in the Johnstown flood. There is, too, the more familiar story of Jesse James and his train robbers and there is a pleasant chapter on dog heroes of the rails. The book ends with the colossal job of the railroads in World War II with a special tribute to the New Haven's celebrated advertisement, "The Kid in Upper 4." As an appendix there is a valuable vocabulary of rail jargon and slang.

"Railroad Avenue" is a useful contribution to Americana. It makes no literary pretensions but it is full of good lore—especially in its songs and ballads—and the redolence on every page of the whole smoky romance which is inseparable from the nation's growing story gives it significance.

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Soldier's Return

THE FEAR MAKERS. By Darwin L. Teilhet. New York: Appleton-Century. 1945. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FAUL STEEL

THIS is another of what will probably be a long series of novels of heroes returning to America and finding that the country is not quite as well off internally as when they left it. The hero then leaps into the breach and repairs whatever is wrong. I have a faint notion that this theme is going to bore returning heroes; after all, some of their best friends are civilians.

In this case it is the young partner of a popular poll business who returns a very great hero but badly shocked and wounded to find that his partner has been killed; an employee has stolen the agency and turned it into a vicious propaganda organization. Its chief business is weighting the theme songs of politicians by invariably finding that they are supported by the public.

The hero encounters a beautiful Jewish girl by accident and she and her family encourage him, in spite of his condition, to make a fight against fear and for his agency. He does and is chased all over by wicked men with guns. The hero is engaged to the girl and the wicked men are duly apprehended. A melange of Lester Cohen and Grade-C John Dickson Carr.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 122

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 122 *will be found in the next issue.*

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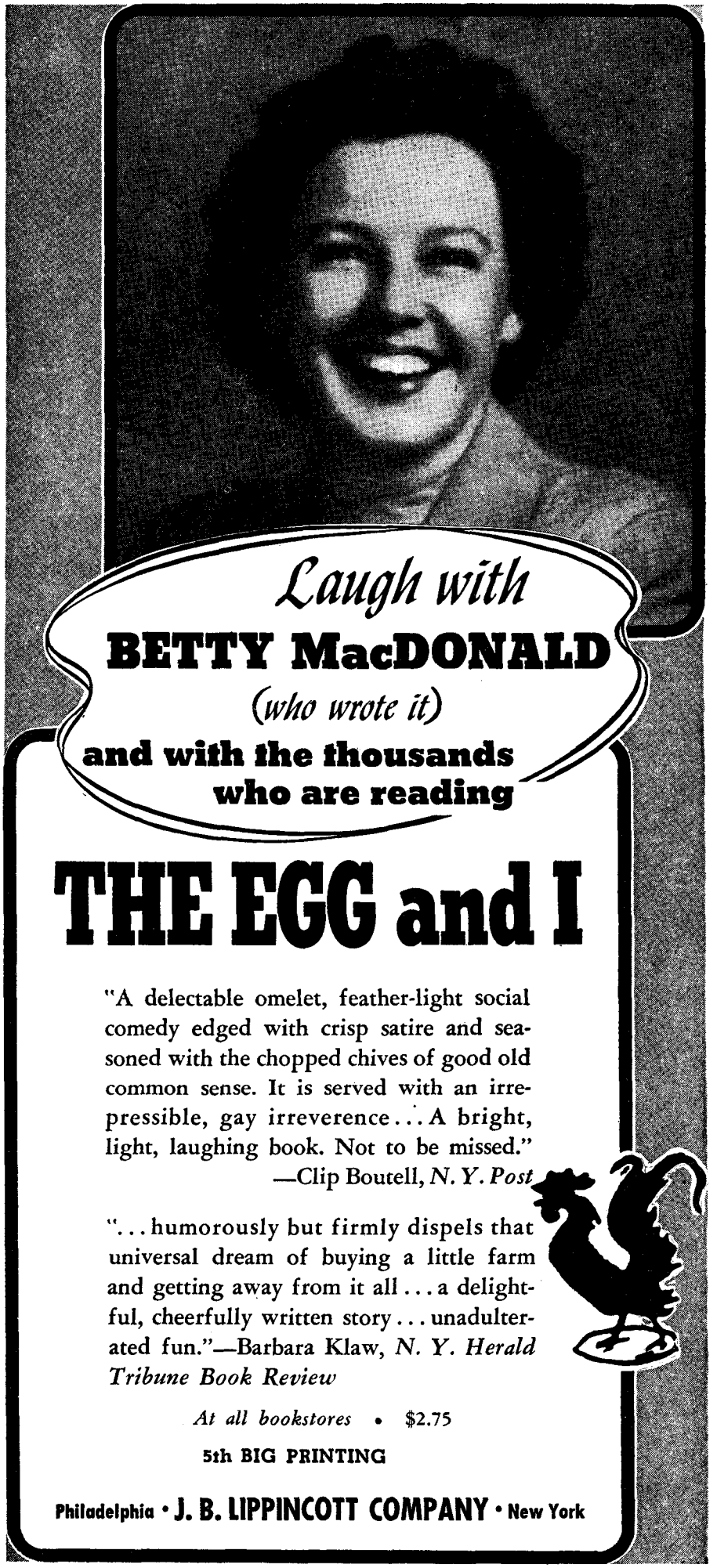
—DCBASLD SK GLDDSYSDY.

—IECRBE DZRJGLKRIBLE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 121

LET US LIVE IN AS SMALL A CIRCLE AS WE WILL, WE ARE EITHER DEBTORS OR CREDITORS BEFORE WE HAVE HAD TIME TO LOOK AROUND.

—ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.
—JOHANN GOETHE.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Cloak and Dagger Months

CONSPIRACY IN ALGIERS: 1942-43. By Renée Pierre-Gosset. Translated from the French by Nancy Heckscher. New York: The Nation. 1945. 248 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

LOOKING back now, one may find it hard to recapture the tumult and the shouting that enveloped United States policy in French North Africa. Even the word "darlanism," once hotly hissed at a resentful State Department, has a dated sound. After all, General Charles de Gaulle has won out so completely, and the grudging men who connived against him were so thwarted . . .

But for those who would like to rake the embers of an old controversy, Mme. Gosset's report may be highly recommended. As a Frenchwoman and journalist who had come to Algiers from Lyon some eighteen months before the Allied landings, Mme. Gosset was in a position to observe and understand much more than most Allied newsmen. She was at home in the maze of French politics and personalities. She sheds a good deal of light on the details of what actually happened in those cloak-and-dagger months of late 1942 and early 1943, when expediency ruled and liberals despaired.

Mme. Gosset, whose husband served as a Gaullist officer, has little sympathy for the men of Vichy. Weygand and Pétain are rather sorry partners "in upholding a class, a way of thinking, a hierarchy, and a social order in which they held the highest rank." Darlan is the opportunist extraordinary who fobbed himself off on the Allies as the legal heir of French sovereignty. Giraud, an honest man, epitomizes himself with the words: "I am a soldier; I will have nothing to do with politics."

Though Mme. Gosset restrains herself enough to say that history will judge whether United States Envoy Robert Murphy did a great job of diplomacy in Algiers, it is clear that she regards him as the villain of the piece. His deal with Darlan may have been a "hasty, last-minute improvisation" to save the lives of American and British soldiers, but the American had a predilection for the deal. Murphy, says Mme. Gosset (thereby repeating a familiar charge), was "well-known in French high society and among the financiers; he had little contact with the men in the street." On the one hand, she thinks he led the United States into "a great psychological mistake" and gave all Europe doubts about our democratic intentions. On the other hand, he inadvertently assured the triumph of General de Gaulle, because all anti-Vichyites turned in disgust from Darlanism to Gaullism.

These are high points in a narrative that covers a good deal of familiar ground with fresh steps. The account of the "conspiracy" in French North Africa vividly captures the play of characters, the plot and counterplot, the frustration, shame, and renascence of France. This is not the definitive work on the politics of expediency; but it is an illuminating report.

One of England's outstanding historians writes brilliantly and objectively of the influences that have shaped England's development from the days of the Roman conquest. Mr. Rowse integrates with remarkable lucidity such factors as England's people, climate, geographical position, and contacts with other countries—whether through invasion or colonial expansion. *The Spirit of English History* explains England's present and future in terms of her past.

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Inside Brazil

BRAZIL, BULWARK OF INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By Henry Albert Phillips. New York: Hastings House. 1945. 228 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

IN view of the coming events in the second most important country in this hemisphere, any new book on Brazil can be expected to be significant. And this book is significant.

After fifteen years of ruling Brazil without ever having been elected or reëlected, President Getulio Vargas announced at the beginning of this year that a free Presidential election, twice postponed, will be held in December, and that he will not be a candidate. Vargas's rule has not been very different from any other totalitarian dictatorship, but Brazil's having been on our side during the war has made a great difference in our attitude toward him.

The two candidates for the Presidency are General Eduardo Gomes, the choice of the liberal and democratic elements opposing Vargas, and the Minister of War, General Enrique Gaspar Dutra, preferred by Vargas. Curious reports have reached the American press about the election. Among these is one that the Communists, who have a certain following in the large cities, will vote for Dutra. This rumor was not repudiated when the Communist leader was asked to confirm or deny it. According to the latest reports, a new "mass movement" has started, which seeks the continuation of Vargas in power. This movement is now seconded by the Communists, who demand that elections be postponed—thus maintaining Vargas in power—until a new constituent assembly is called to create a new constitution. It has happened before that political parties and politicians have changed their attitudes and forgotten their promises, and that they have prepared the public at home and abroad for their new attitudes in advance, with the help of a favorable press or appropriate publications.

Mr. Phillips's book is an enthusiastic plea for Vargas's permanent continuation in power. "Never in all Brazilian history," writes Phillips, "will there be a more urgent need for the one and only Vargas than in the trying years of peace." Not only has Phillips's admiration for Vargas as the man who knows no bounds, but he is frank enough to assert—and one must marvel at his courage at the present time—that only totalitarian methods are appropriate for Brazil. Warning of the disastrous effects on Brazil should Vargas ever relinquish power, he compares him with Mussolini, for whom

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Phillips seems still full of admiration. "Il Duce," we read on page 125, "cleaned up Italy, brought order out of chaos, introduced efficiency, and did one of the best jobs of building a decadent state until it abounded with modern institutions as solid as any the world has ever seen. Now look at the lamentable spectacle that Italy has become, of chaos and disreputability."

In accordance with these sentiments, the author's particular and enthusiastic approval of Vargas's most characteristically totalitarian measures should not be surprising. "Almost the first step that Vargas took," he writes, "was to outlaw politics by abolishing all political parties, thus getting rid of the politicians! Vargas deserves a world monument for that alone."

A Novel for Psychoanalytic Biographers

DAVID EDER: MEMOIRS OF A MODERN PIONEER. Edited by J. B. Hobman. London: Victor Gollancz. 1945. 215 *pp.*

Reviewed by LAWRENCE S. KUBIE, M.D.

THIS is a book about a remarkable man: Fabian socialist, turbulent revolutionary, Zionist, explorer, significant contributor to military psychiatry during the last war, and finally, a leading figure in British psychoanalytic psychiatry. The tale of this life should give courage to those who flounder even through their forties, and will challenge those who are afraid to experiment with life itself. The lack of a systematic bibliography of Eder's writings is one of those accidental omissions, which reveals the fact that all who knew and loved him felt that the man was more than the sum of his scientific parts. A foreword by Sigmund Freud is followed by contributions by Sir Wyndham Deedes, Dr. Harry Roberts, Leonard Stein, Dr. Edward Glover, and by the editor. It is to the chapter contributed by Dr. Glover that this review will be devoted; because this essay on Eder as a phychoanalyst turns out to be a lesson in the science and art of psychoanalytic biography.

Glover himself is one of the great stylists in analytic literature. Here he combines his characteristic Shavian touch with an objective psychoanalytic evaluation of Eder, distilled out of a warm, personal affection which the reader quickly shares.

Eder's scientific life is introduced with an ironic commentary on English medicine between the turn of the century and the last war:

> This was the late Ascot period of medicine in England. A lingering generation of Victorian consultants, having composed their differences with the more radical branches of organic medicine, and particularly with the bacteriologists and early bio-chemists, still lent a top-hatted tradition to the labors of Harley Street and Mayfair. And again:—the medical faculty has time and again subjected its pioneers to that illegitimate descendant of the witch trial, the ordeal by vituperation.

Thus Eder in the summer of 1911 reads his first report on the treatment of a patient by psychoanalytic methods only to have the entire audience and the chairman "stalk out without a word." With such brief strokes as this the man is placed in his setting in cultural history.

At this point, Glover interposes some comments on psychoanalytic biography in general. He points out that the advent of psychoanalysis has greatly increased the difficulties of the biographer. For those who first attempted analytical biography he has not too high a regard. He deplores their dependence on a "flair for disgruntled psychological criticism," and comments disparagingly on their ceaseless search for skeletons in cupboards:

> The diaper school of biography stultifies itself because, being essentially grudging in spirit, it has no real perspective on human problems. It can grasp neither the drama, nor, on occasion, the dignity of conflict. True biography is at the same time a form of art criticism and a process of stock taking. For however humble the individual, his life history is, like his signature, a

Emily Hahn says about

A CHINESE VILLAGE

By MARTIN C. YANG

". . . probably one of the most interesting publications of the decade . . . *A Chinese Village* is good reading for anybody . . . To read it thoroughly is to know China better than any American has ever yet learned to know it through the printed page . . . *A Chinese Village* is as absorbing as any novel of Chinese life; for the person sincerely interested in China it is far better."

—*Saturday Review of Literature*

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work of art which may, for all we know, represent a step forward in the science of living.

The opposite danger is also pointed out, one which is more honest perhaps, but which also stultifies itself "by discovering motivations which are so universal as to lose any specific application to the individual in question."

How is this difficulty to be resolved? Glover gives few precepts, but offers instead an example of the fact that it can be done if the biographer has access to adequate technical knowledge of dynamic psychology, makes wise use of all available factual data in the light of that knowledge, and above all has towards the object of the biography a sound inner emotional orientation, both conscious and unconscious.

With respect to the life history, however, it is in the very nature of the relationship of the biographer to his subject that he can never have access to such first-hand information as is available to the physician who is working with a patient. Consequently definitive answers cannot often be given. Yet, if he knows enough about his subject to warrant the attempt to write about him at all, then the biographer proceeds to set up series of alternative interpretations, around which the evidence gradually accumulates which finally makes one group of alternatives stand out as more probable than another. In this way a pattern of probable expectations gradually takes shape, whose inner coherence and logic becomes a test of the closeness with which the interpretations approximate reality. The facts, however, must first be gathered.

Elsewhere in the book we learn something of Eder's work in London's East End, in the school system, at Malta during World War I, as a young ardent revolutionary, as an eager Zionist, as a friend of many of the young artists and writers of his day, and as an explorer and pioneer physician in remote mountainous regions of South America. Glover shows us Eder in his home and with children, and then takes us swiftly through a review of his medical and scientific development, tracing the gradual harnessing of chaotic early energies to the exacting challenge of psychoanalytic labors.

This leads Glover to the questions which must be answered if the man is to be understood: What are the conscious and unconscious gratifications inherent in the career which was finally chosen? How does the ultimate career emerge as the matured version of the earlier period of adventurous trial and error? Clearly, the test of such a biography must be its ability

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to make clear how and why a man reaches his ultimate goal. As Glover says, "Following this plan, we may not be able to dogmatize as to the exact route by which any one individual comes to adopt his life's work, but we can at least guess at the nature of his ultimate compromise with life." As Glover applies this technique to the life of David Eder, there emerges a living portrait which anyone who knew Eder will recognize. This portrait is seen against the background of the unconscious forces which determined the main tides of his life: the deep undertones of somberness and anger, their roots in unconscious guilt and depression, their expression through the early years of turbulence, and finally their passage to safe harbors. "What has been described earlier as the comparative uneventfulness of his last ten years can thus be given a deeper interpretation. It was a quiet celebration of victory over a deep and passionate turbulence of spirit." In the end the whole man is seen in depth; first the pattern of his actual living, then the play of formative psychological forces, and behind that the sharply etched picture of his times with which the biographical sketch opens.

No summary can do adequate justice to the subtle evolution of the thesis of this compact essay; but one may hope that it will be studied by future writers of analytically informed biography.

SPELLING OUT CONTROL

(*Continued from page* 15)

only half the job. Peace is a big word; there are all kinds of peace. Peace can be slavery or it can be freedom; subjugation or liberation. It can be static or dynamic; stagnant or vibrant. Alfred North Whitehead once described peace without purpose as "anesthesia." The real peace is more than non-war. It is a vital peace, a restlessness to get on with the work of the world, an anxiety to meet the future. The real peace means progress. That is the other half of the job.

Directly related to the danger of a purposeless peace is the danger represented by a perverted use of power. World government requires the manipulation of power on a larger scale than man has ever known, but unless this power is carefully defined, unless it is surrounded with workable checks and balances, unless it is *representative* rather than *dictatorial,* unless it is subject to changes in its officers and in its laws in response to changing needs and the freely expressed will of the people of the states—it can lead to a world tyranny against which insurrection will be difficult if not impossible. The instruments of control will have been necessarily concentrated and centralized in order to guard against the use of unlimited destructive power in the hands of lawless forces, but those same weapons can become the instruments by which a tyranny might attempt to entrench itself and enforce its decisions.

The prospect is frightening, but it is a problem man has had to face in the creation or operation of government on any level. Power inevitably constitutes an invitation to tyranny, whether on a community or a national or an international scale. The crucial question is whether the need for power exists, and, if so, what type of power will be used, how, and when? In starting World War II, Germany recognized that the world had become a geographic unit; and it was her intention to organize and rule the world order. The power in that case would have been exercised even more arbitrarily outside Germany than it had been inside Germany. But in defeating the Axis, we did not automatically destroy the need for power on a world scale any more than we destroyed the geographic world unit itself. We succeeded only in creating the opportunity to refine and channel that power through properly constituted and representative government. If we refuse to meet or fail to meet this opportunity, we automatically create a vacuum which will be filled by a single nation or bloc of nations, or which will result in crude international anarchy.

We return full circle to man himself, to the animal that must operate the world government. Is he wise enough to use greater power for greater good? Is he wise enough to create a common sovereignty and yet keep the ultimate power in his own hands?

These questions cannot answer themselves We can put on blinders; we can laugh them all off as just a false alarm; we can claim that talk of an Atomic Age is sheer fancy; we can protest that the threat of the destructive use of atomic energy is exaggeration, overstatement, hysteria, panic.

But all the manufactured calm and scorn in the world cannot alter the precise fact that the atomic bomb plus another war equals global disaster. Nor that the crisis is fast approaching and may be upon us within a few years unless we act now to avert it. Nor that this crisis is created not only by the explosive atom but by inadequate means of controlling international lawlessness. Nor that control is inoperative without power, that power is dangerous without law, and that law is impossible without government.

N. C.

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Remembered Cat

By George Abbe

THROUGH the long orchards of a childhood dream,
Under the blossom-loaded branches of the cherry,
The hunting cat moves with a rippling gleam,
Parting the grass with muscled shoulder, rippled and furry.
Green core to golden eye, love shadowy and late
Under the hot frost of that glancing look—
This is the cat that will crouch, and spring, and sate
The tendoned beast in him, and then at my gate
Will yowl with murmured penitence. I at my book
Will hear, and let him in. Then later, curling
At window ledge, the wise smile cupping the jowl,
He will murmur his sly love, letting hate
Sink down with embered glow through memory's grate,
Knowing the moon will return with freedom, with howl
Of fighters over the wild grass, and soft sound purling
Under the shadowy vines where the lovers wait.

Through all the winding years of childhood moves
This tawny cat I loved, and watched, and fed,
And heard above the sound of sleet and snow,
Prowling the world, while I lay warm in bed.
No night is dark, no swollen wind of autumn blows
Without my hearing, far, and sad, and wild—
Yet filled with all my longings, too—that cry,
Horrid and bestial, murmured, and loving, and mild—
And yet I knew, I knew though still a child
That under the shadowy gold of the fur there glowed
The lava and the molten force of worlds
That lived at time's beginning, curved my sky
With sunburst, made the heart throb in the necks of girls,
And drove me through a world of beauty hungrily.

Gold cat immortal, parting the dew-bright grass,
Crossing the windy orchards of years, hot life in your eye,
Thanks for your furtive friendship, the hours of youth
When under your savage voice sang the music of truth,
When the urge of the beast for love lay under the glass
Of your green-gold watching. Even as I
You knew the fight, the claw, the smell of blood.
Thanks for that lesson: that beauty molded in motion
And locking the hunger of flesh with the earth and the ocean
And all things lonely and lost under mortal sky.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK EYE *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Apt. near N. Y. scene of three murders and much high jinks. Spectacled sleuth dashes in and out.	Starting from unbelievable premise tale gets wilder and wackier. It's fast, funny, and snappily written—but incredible.	Take it or leave it
NINE STRINGS TO YOUR BOW *Maurice Walsh* (Lippincott: $2.)	Private sleuth Madden takes up cold murder trail in Scotland and sifts sundry suspects.	Good characterizations, alluring background, plenty of red-herrings, and sufficiently baffling puzzle.	Top drawer
WATCHFUL AT NIGHT *Sgt. Julius Fast* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Sergeant Clark suspects accidental slaying of old pal ain't so—and investigates. There's another murder and much excitement.	By and large a good job—except one irritating slip. Army and medical background holds interest every minute.	Well worth reading
CASE FOR EQUITY *Katharine Hill* (Dutton: $2.)	Actor slain near Connecticut home of indomitable Mrs. Donahue, who leads the cops to killer.	Fearless widow supplies most of interest in eventful but otherwise undistinguished yarn . . . in which, however, action mounts high.	Entertaining

Clues from the CRIME CLUB

IF YOU SEE an offended looking cat with a faintly neglected air prowling around, it's probably Miss Rachel's cat, Samantha, both of whom are temporarily "at leisure" while their creator, *D. B. Olsen*, introduces Professor A. (for Anonymous) Pennyfeather, who makes his ingratiating debut in **BRING THE BRIDE A SHROUD.** Quite a character—the Professor, who is anything but absent-minded—and quite a story—about a soldier with fiancées in his hair, whose disapproving Aunt Martha was sharply rebuked with an ax.

Can anyone make mayhem as merry as Constance and Gwenyth Little—whose latest combination of giggles and gasps is called **THE BLACK EYE?** It won't disappoint the laugh seekers who expect a high degree of humor in the *Little* mysteries, but wait till they see the characterization that highlights this story of Eugenia Gates, whose quiet vacation turned into a game of tag with a killer.

The only thing which the *Littles'* past books have had in common is the word "Black" in the title (viz. The Great Black Kamba; The Black Rustle) plus the *Littles'* individual brand of wackery.

Sl uths come and go—but *Arthur W. Upfield's* famous half-caste Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is here to stay. If you're a "Bony" enthusiast, and there are thousands of them, his newest adventure is **DEATH OF A SWAGMAN** —the sixth *Upfield* opus.

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SPEAKING of mysteries, President Truman can now read one of the best Crime Club books in recent years. **LOOK YOUR LAST** by *John Stephen Strange,* which was the Crime Club Selection for November, 1943, was one of the six mysteries in the recent gift of 200 books to the White House Home Library by the American Booksellers Association.

The Gunman

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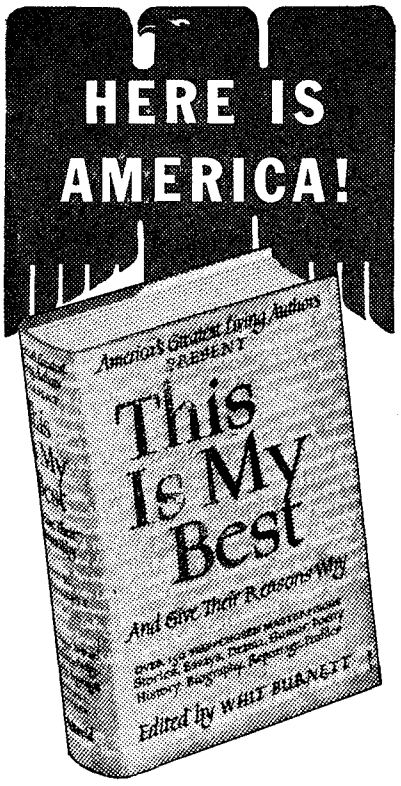

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The Color of a Life

THE LONELY STEEPLE. By Victor Wolfson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 260 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN every way "The Lonely Steeple" represents a remarkable achievement. The story, told in the first person by a woman committed to an asylum for the criminally insane, reveals the circumstances of her whole life as she herself sees them, and the revelation is made with a sureness of feeling and an artistry of form such as few authors of our day have equalled. Willa Cather in "A Lost Lady" performed a similar miracle.

As Addie Eldredge seeks to make clear by writing down just what happened, we relive with mounting suspense her grim girlhood in a remote part of Cape Cod, the terrible thing her father did to her, the misery of her marriage to a man who did not want her, the *odi et amo* of her relations with both her husband and her lover, her growing sense of "badness," loneliness, and failure, and finally the overwhelming catastrophe which made her isolation complete. She speaks to us with pitiful directness, trying not to justify herself but to be absolutely truthful and make us understand. The narrative in itself is absorbingly human, and the bleak atmosphere of Addie's past existence is dramatically punctuated by the actuality of the present—the lights that go out, a woman who screams, the iron carts bringing supper to the cells.

—*Halsman*

Victor Wolfson "has brought to this story some of the qualities especially associated with the theatre."

It is the effectiveness of the telling that wins one's unstinted admiration. The author has so projected himself into Addie that each word is hers alone. And how remarkably taut, simple, and poetically exact her language can be! She seems to look back upon every person and every event in her life with senses whetted by suffering. She makes us hear a boat slipping and sloshing around in the waves, wet clothes slapping on a clothesline, snow falling from a bough on softer snow. She makes us feel the great granite courthouse sliding down toward her as she approaches it and smell the sickly sweetness of flowers piled up in waves against a coffin. She makes us see people and gives us an accurate impression of their subtle relationships: "my mother was a pruned-up little woman with a hunched back," "Beulah, a creamy name, full of milk and fat," "that question was the closest to the look and the feeling we were making between us," "he understood there was some tightness in the room between me and his wife."

Through it all we realize the undermining consequences of her father's act and of her mistaken marriage to a man who needed another kind of woman to give him faith in himself: her thwarted affections and jealousies, her timidity, fears, and queerness, the alternate fits of elation and depression that culminated in tragedy. Eager to seem sane, hardly ever incoherent, she none the less manages by her hesitancies and guileless self-revelations, even more than by the direct description of her actions, to convey an understanding of how her life and reason were wrecked.

The author, heretofore known chiefly as a dramatist, has brought to this story some of the qualities especially associated with the theatre: suspense, moving situations, and a problem not finally resolved until the last act. But his mastery of his material, his creation of character and atmosphere, the tightness of his whole design, these belong to the best traditions of the novel as well as the play, and they show him to be an accomplished and distinguished craftsman in the art of fiction.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Eva St. Clare, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2. Alice, in "The May Queen," by Alfred Tennyson. 3. Little Nell Trent, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. 4. Tommy Luck, in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte. 5. Carol Bird, in "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6. "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field. 7. Beth March, in "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott. 8. "Annabelle Lee," by Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Emmeline Grangerford, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. 10. Paul Dombey, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens.

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The New Poetry

THE FLOWERING TREE. By Caryll Houselander. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1945. 156 *pp.* $2.

SEVENTEEN POEMS. By Francis Meynell. New York: The Nonesuch Press. 1945. 30 *pp.* $2.

RIME, GENTLEMEN PLEASE. By Robert Farren. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1945. 108 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT seems odd, in a way, that in a supposedly Christian civilization, one should distinguish certain poets as Christian! The fact remains that our civilization is not particularly Christian, though it has absorbed into itself so deeply certain Christian ways of thought and ideals that it is now hardly, in its declared agnosticism and atheism, aware of them. The above poets are, at least two of them obviously are, Roman Catholics. Mr. Meynell certainly comes of a Roman Catholic family. My implication is not in the least that only Roman Catholics are Christians! I am a Protestant, and frequently unpractising; so I could, naturally, not subscribe to that; and I do not like the temporal power of the Church. But the root of Christianity is in these poets.

Miss Houselander brings something new and quite exciting—if I may put it that way—to devotional poetry. Her urgency has, or so she believes, been religious. "The idea I have is that we are part, as it were, of a vast rhythm, and that when we become more recollected we become more and more conscious of it." She sees, say her publishers, this Rhythm as part of God's plan for human living. Her rhythms are intended as perpetual praise and prayer. Varieties of religious experience, and varieties of people observed, are in her rhythms. And she is a poet. This is a living and human book. Read it for itself, even if you are an infidel, and you will be nourished by it.

The mother of Francis Meynell was, of course, one of the world's most distinguished women poets. Mr. Meynell has selected these poems of his own from thirty years of a busy life. They have had what must be to him a gratifying reception in England. V. Sackville West called his verses "On Lending a Wrist-Watch" "a small gem." All the poems have the delicate precise touch of an artist. Consider this quatrain:

ON DREAMING OF THE DEAD

Dear love, dear ghost, superfluous
In your possession of my dream:
Our dead need not return to us,
So surely do we pass to them.

Robert Farren is a young Irishman who has already had three books of poems, and a book of short stories in Gaelic. Here he has poems and a play, the latter being tragic in its reflection on the persistence in Ireland of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." His poems are not tragic. Some of them are quite belligerent! Perhaps he is a bit too anxious to sweep the older poets out of the way for the new. But then he is not a patient young man. That is one of his charms. He even has a poem excoriating "The Common Cold," which, as I have one at the moment, I can most heartily indorse. He has another on a heat wave. He has some delightful love poems, and some adaptations of earlier Irish that are beautiful. His best religious poem is "Sleep." He seems to me to be an Orangeman; for he prints "An Orangeman's Meditation in Time of War"; but far be it from me to assert such a thing! I certainly should be the last to talk to an Irishman about his politics! "Martyr's Son" and "We Get Used to Death" are fine poems. In fact, there is something here to take anyone's fancy who knows and loves poetry.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 603)

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A.E."): THE IRON AGE

How has the fire Promethean paled!
.....
The morning stars were heard to sing
When man towered golden in the prime.
One equal memory let us bring
Before we face our night of time;
Grant us one only evening star,
The iron age's avatar.

Trust No Shifting Wind

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

TASTE the snow upon the wind,
Though it is summer;
Soon its blandness, sharpened, thinned,
Unmasks the mummer.

This is but a false delight,
Dancing, deceiving;
After, comes the frost-held night
Long as old grieving.

Though the wind caress your cheek,
It will not friend you;
A month—and how the erstwhile meek
Turns, fierce, to rend you!

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HARPER

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Looking for Positive Values

IN one of her "Three Owls" articles Anne Carroll Moore says something that is an illuminating guide to those of us who are selecting books for boys and girls in this particular day and hour. "Choose books," she says "for *positive* values—the interest of their subject, old or new, their originality, their pictures, clear topography and attractive outward form. It is better to buy twelve books you know the children will read than twenty-four lifeless volumes to stand in rows on the shelf." This year we might add a warning to select books as *books* and not as toys.

It is always difficult in the fall, which is the high tide of production of books for boys and girls, to find time enough to really read and judge each book as it comes from the press. There are too many of them. They come rushing in so fast that our reading capacity and our judgment are strained in trying to keep up with them. The books that are toys we can glance at—and discard. They may be attractive. They may give the children pleasure, but they are not in any sense literature—or art. The many editions of the classic stories must be examined, but they, too, can often be quickly discarded. Not in such form will we give the children Hans Andersen and the folk anad fairy tales! We are seeking positive values, books that will stir in the children a response to beauty and humor and adventure, to the record of mighty deeds and events, to the authentic information that gives the answer to their questions.

Even the strictly informational books must be carefully read today. The war has created a tremendous, a growing need. One cannot say: "This is by an expert in his field," and let it go at that. It may be by a man, or a woman, who knows his subject thoroughly. But is it up-to-date? Is it unprejudiced? Has it the spirit that is in key with things like the atomic bomb and our victory over Germany and Japan? In both history and science we must look for a quality of "aliveness" in the books for boys and girls, a mental attitude that accepts the astounding changes that are taking place all over the world—and in the air above the world. In the stories we have always sought originality. There are some good ones this year with a background of real life, often of history. There are few that are pure fantasy.

Looking back to the Golden Age of children's books, when *St. Nicholas* was being sent each month out of an office on Union Square, when Frank Stockton was writing his matchless fairy tales and Rudyard Kipling was submitting his Mowgli tales to Mary Mapes Dodge—how many "fanciful tales" have survived the years? Amazingly few. Most of them stood for one year, or two years, on the shelves of bookshops and public libraries. Then they were gone. No one remembers them. No child asked for them again. Probably some of the fantasies that are published this year will suffer the same fate. It is too soon to say now. We must wait until the children speak.

Looking back over a shorter time—over two or even three decades—it is obvious that the books with lasting values have come from publishers where editors of children's books have a close, long sustained relationship with their authors and artists, where they follow every page, every detail from the manuscript to the finished volume. It is they who have persuaded the creative artists and authors to work for the children. It is they who have discovered new talent and encouraged it. The war has curtailed their output, but it has not lowered its quality. In their own way they, too, have fought this war—and won it. There are changes in their ranks this year that will have a decided influence on books for boys and girls for months and years to come. We who know from long experience what a power the right book at the right time can be can only congratulate them on all that they have done and declare our faith in all that they will do.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

—*From "The P-Zoo."*

P STANDS FOR—

THE P-ZOO. By Elizabeth Hamilton. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.

THIS is the kind of picture book that one wants to share instantly with small boys and girls. From the end-papers to the final word of the text it is logical, funny, and interesting. It tells of Mr. Brahmaputra Jones who kept a private zoo. In the four buildings, neatly numbered, lived animals, birds, snakes, and fish whose names all began with P. All the trees, shrubs, and flowers around the Zoo began with a P, all the food that the inmates ate began with a P. It is amazing to find how many good things to eat *do* begin with a P! To this Zoo came a little boy whose name was Peter Paul and an elephant whose name was Patricia. They wanted to live in the Zoo.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jones indignantly, "whatever made you think I would let a *boy* and *elephant* into my Zoo?" Mr. Jones had only, of

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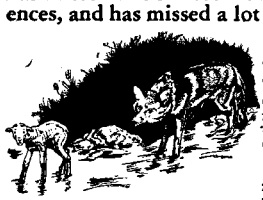
For you must often have wished that your own child, or some boy or girl in whom you have a special interest, could have a personal collection of the greatest of all books, in handsome editions.

Of all things in this world, tangible and intangible, which you can give to a child, the most precious are those great books which form our cultural heritage. That boy or girl who has not roamed through the delicious humors of Wonderland with Alice; who has not floated down the Mississippi on the raft which holds Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer; who has not wandered across the face of Treasure Island with Long John Silver; who has not lived for a time in that enchanting underwater household with Mr. Mole; that boy or girl has missed life's most worth while experiences, and has missed a lot of fun.

WHITEWASHING THE FENCE a painting for *Tom Sawyer* by NORMAN ROCKWELL



THE FOX & THE CALF an illustration for *Aesop's Fables* by ROBERT LAWSON

But it is *important* that a girl or boy should own these books in editions which contain fine illustrations, which are printed and bound with excellent typographic taste, which are possessions that a child can profitably grow up with.

BECAUSE SUCH BOOKS do not now seem available the people who have, for nearly twenty years, been issuing beautiful books to the members of The Limited Editions Club, are undertaking the establishment of The Junior Heritage Club.

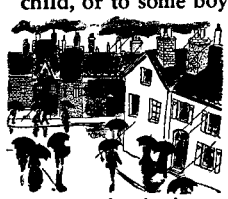
Once each month, a book will be delivered through the mails to the members of The Junior Heritage Club.

THE PUBLICATIONS for the first year, with the first book to be distributed in time for Christmas 1945, are described in a handsome illustrated Prospectus which you should send for at this time.

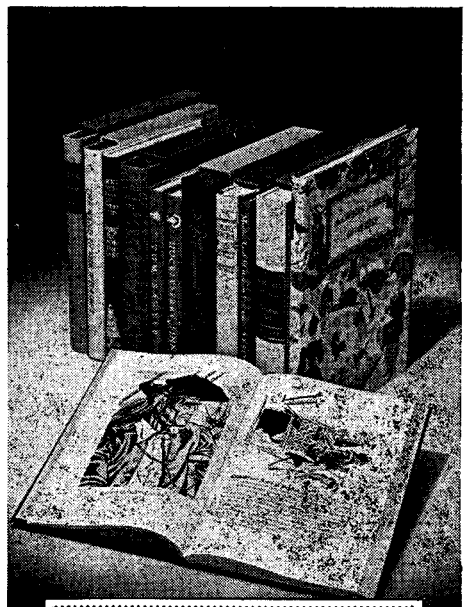
In it you will find Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and Mark, Twain's *Huckleberry Finn,* both illustrated with oil paintings by Norman Rockwell; and *Treasure Island,* with beautiful water-colors by Edward A. Wilson; and *Andersen's Fairy Tales,* in the highly-praised new translation by Jean Hersholt with the illustrations by Fritz Kredel; and *Alice in Wonderland* in one volume together with *Through the Looking-Glass,* a colorful edition designed by W. A. Dwiggins and containing the illustrations by John Tenniel; and those *Five Christmas Novels* by Charles Dickens, which include *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth,* illustrated with watercolors by Reginald Birch; and *Aesop's Fables,* the text written for modern children by Munro Leaf and the illustrations drawn by Robert Lawson, those two men who created that aesopian fable *Ferdinand;* and other great classics, all illustrated by great artists.

Because of the cooperative nature of this enterprise, the price becomes wonderfully low. Although the books are illustrated, usually in color; although they are printed on fine papers, and staunchly bound; the price for each book, when delivered to a member of the Club, will be $1.75—a price which is less than any parent is now called upon to pay for many unimportant, unlovely books.

TO EACH BOY OR GIRL who acquires a membership in The Junior Heritage Club at this time, a Certificate of Membership will be mailed testifying to the fact that he or she is a Charter Member of the Club. The members will be sent insignia to wear; they will receive a monthly magazine. So you see that you are now in a position to bring a great deal of pleasurable excitement twelve times during the coming year to your own child, or to some boy or girl in whom you have a special interest. You are invited to send now for a Prospectus which is completely descriptive; and one of the Charter Memberships will be reserved for you, if you mail the coupon promptly.



RAIN, a drawing by ROGER DUVOISIN for *A Child's Garden of Verses*



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course, polar bears, prairie dogs, pipe fish, puddleducks, etc. Peter Paul and Patricia went sadly away, but later on in the night the bell at the gate of the Zoo rang again. When Mr. Jones appeared—rather cross at their persistence—Peter Paul explained that he had a Pleasing Profile and Patricia. Mr. Jones admitted that both might be true—but he locked the gate and went back to bed again. Just as the sun was rising and the P animals were beginning to wake up, the bell rang for the third time. This time Mr. Jones found Peter Paul and Patricia wreathed in smiles.

"It's all right," said Peter Paul. "I am a Person and Patricia is a Pachyderm."

Mr. Jones, who really wanted Peter Paul to help him take care of his Zoo, said it *was* all right and Peter Paul and Patricia became members of the P. family! The pictures, filled with the detail that children love, are printed in a rich dark blue on long white pages. There is a touch of rose color on the cover which brings out that fact that the music on the P Zoo piano is "Prelude." What a book for the returned servicemen to share with the small sons and daughters whom they have never seen! Laughter breaks down all barriers. There is laughter on each one of these pages.

M. G. D.

THE CAT AND THE CLOSET

BELINDA'S NEW SHOES. Written and Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 28 *pp.* $1.50.

ONE of the nicest things about this attractive picture book is the harmony between pictures and text. Belinda, Grandmother, the cobbler, the cobbler's cat, and Henry the Mouse are drawn exactly as they are described. The whole action of the story is in the drawings. Henry the Mouse has very little to do with the plot. In fact, he is only a spectator. But the cobbler's cat is an important character. It is the cobbler's cat who, intoxicated with catnip, chews Belinda's red shoes and pokes them into the darkest corner of the closet. And the very next day Belinda is to lead the Maypole dance! The cobbler, who has been very kind about fixing them in time for the festival, tries his best to find them. He does not think of the dark corner of the closet until the cat repents and leads them to the very place where he hid them the night before. Perhaps he doesn't repent, perhaps he is thinking of the mouse that was running around the closet when he went to sleep. At any rate, the cobbler finds the shoes, and Belinda is happy again.

The book is well made with pictures on every page, faint greens and browns printed on an ivory paper.

M. G. D.

THE BOY WHO LOVED TO EAT

STUFFY. Written and Illustrated by Rowena Laird. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. $1.50.

THIS is a picture book about a little boy who loves to eat more than to do anything else in the world. He grew fatter and fatter and bigger and bigger, bigger than the biggest balloon, and then. . . .! Grown-ups may frown a little at the pictures of Stuffy's tremendous growth, but children will chuckle and be genuinely amused. They will follow Stuffy's strange adventures again and again. The author of "Stuffy" is a WAVE who knows a great many children. The

—From "Strawberry Girl."

text is in large print and the pictures in clear bright colors that will appeal to young eyes. Whether, having grown wise from following Stuffy's sad fate, children will resolve to eat less candy and ice cream we do not know.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE WAY OF DEMOCRACY

LET'S DO BETTER. Written and Illustrated by Munro Leaf. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 80 *pp.* $1.50.

IT is a long way from the nineteenth-century "book with a moral" to this one where high ideals and principles are presented in humorous drawings by Munro Leaf, a well-known and popular artist. Here in a few pages he tells the story of man's ascent from the cave dweller to modern times under the various forms of government. Democracy is explained in the following words: "Some of us pick our leaders by asking nearly everybody who he or she thinks should be the one. The one the most people want is it. That is pretty much the way we do it in this country, and we call that way Democracy."

In black and red line drawings he presents the Leaders, the Makers, the Doers, and the Selfish Cheaters, the latter being the persons "who mess things up, who try to push and pull the people of the world around while they are thinking only of themselves." Children will enjoy the pictures and, although it takes a mature mind to understand theories of government and war and peace, the very young reader will, thanks to Munro Leaf's simple and humorous interpretation, get at least a first glimpse of these difficult subjects. Both the "innocent" child and the thinking adult will be interested in one phase of the book for a different reason. It shows that in our time of bombs and bullets men are driven back to live in "dark, dank caves to save their lives." May the exhortation be taken seriously! "Let's be Thinkers all over the world—Strong, Kind and Unselfish Thinkers and LET'S DO BETTER!"

B. W. S.

FLORIDA CRACKERS

STRAWBERRY GIRL. Written and Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1945. 194 *pp.* $2.50.

STRAWBERRY GIRL is Birdie Boyer whose family came from "Caroliny" to the Cracker country in Florida to grow oranges and strawberries and to sell them to the Yankees "up North." The Boyers were good farmers. They repainted the old Roddenberry house, they fenced in their cattle and fed them well, they fertilized and weeded and cultivated their fields. The Slaters, who were their nearest neighbors, did none of these things. The Slaters were shiftless and lazy. Their thin, "razor back" hogs got into the Boyer strawberry beds and ruined the young plants. Shoestring Slater dropped a rattlesnake on top of Birdie's Sunday hat, Pa Slater set fire to the dry grassland and almost burned down the Roddenberry house—and *did* burn down the schoolhouse. Gus and Joe Slater "whopped" the schoolmaster so cruelly that he left town for good. All these things made real trouble for the Boyers. They especially troubled Birdie, who had her father's quick temper but was fundamentally a friendly child who longed to live at peace with her neighbors. It is largely because of Birdie's patience and humor that peace is restored at the end.

Every incident, every attitude, every word of the dialogue helps to create a picture of the Cracker country and its people, of the pine woods and swamps, of the snakes and alligators, of the travelling preacher who holds a revival meeting and converts Pa Slater, of the homely little town and railroad station where the oranges and strawberries are loaded on freight trains for their long journey to Philadelphia and New York. This is the second of Miss Lenski's regional stories of America. The first was "Bayou Susette." They

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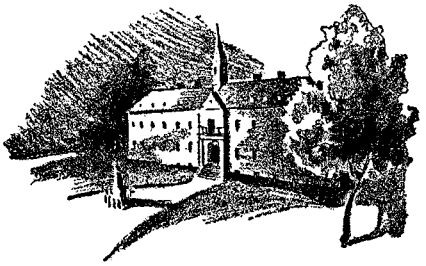
both picture a way of life in a specific part of America that has its own peculiar objectives, its own customs and speech. The speech in this one is particularly interesting. It is based on old English and has a distinctive flavor and rhythm. The illustrations, too, strengthen the feeling of locality. Miss Lenski does not give glamour to Birdie and her friends. They are drawn as they are. They look rather thin and badly nourished, but there is spirit and humor in them. They are exactly right as illustrations for a story that is obviously based on research and a true friendliness for its subject.

M. G. D.

HISTORY OF A STATE

THAT COUNTRY CALLED VIRGINIA. By Lena Barksdale. Illustrated by Harry Roth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 234 *pp.* $2.

THE author of this new history of the proud state of Virginia is a storyteller as well as an historian. The facts of the case are here, strengthened by old documents recently brought to light and very thoroughly "digested." There is depth of feeling and vitality all through the text. The storyteller comes to the foreground in chapters like "A Man and a Horse"—the tale of Jack Jouett's ride to warn Thomas Jefferson that Colonel Tarleton and the British troops were on their way to Monticello. This is a true adventure story told in an accelerated tempo and with a keen sense of climax. Then there is the chapter headed "Virginia's Golden Age" in which the author, herself a Virginian, lingers with obvious delight on the color and warmth and courtesy, the gracious living that made life in her native state in the early days so different from the ways of the New England settlers. The story touches only lightly on Virginia's famous sons—their records having been written for all to read.



—From "That Country Called Virginia."

But all through the book personalities play their part—some known, some unknown. The story of Virginia's westward expansion is especially well told.

In the Civil War chapters the Southerners are painted as all white and the Yankees as all black. Conquering armies have in most wars included looters and terrorists, but only one Yankee soldier here relents and tells his men not to burn Miss Millie's house. "The house is standing today," we are told. This reviewer, with Yankee ancestors on both sides for a number of generations, felt herself getting a bit "hot under the collar" at some of the statements. But the book is so obviously backed by good research and authentic evidence; a challenge might end in an ignominious defeat for the Yankees. It is good to have a history of Virginia brought up-to-date. Too many of them dwell over-much on the past. Miss Barksdale leaves the old and the new living happily together in word pictures that linger in the mind of the reader:

> The black buzzard floats lazily over the Virginia countryside, seeking food as he has sought it for centuries, and far above him an airplane glides, its graceful wings silvered by the sun. Far in the country, where an old snake fence sags with the weight of years, a heavily laden truck roars past a plodding ox hitched to a weatherbeaten cart, the driver half asleep; for in Virginia a finger of the past still weaves its thread in the tapestry of the present.

In the end the author says of her State:

> It belongs to all America, and beyond that it belongs to England, for of English vision and courage and endurance Virginia was born.

A happy note on which to close a fine record of the building of a nation.

M. G. D.

A LEGENDARY HERO

JOHN HENRY AND THE DOUBLE JOINTED STEAM DRILL. By Irwin Shapiro. With Drawings by James Daugherty. New York: Julian Messner. 1945. 55 *pp.* $1.50.

IN this new version of his legend John Henry "dies with his hammer in his hand." But, after an elaborate funeral and much mourning, he comes to life again and learns how to use his old enemy the steam drill so well that he drives it straight through the mountain and "right into the ground."

This is, of course, a legend that glorifies physical power. What one misses in this version is the humor, the frank childlike joy in his fame that makes John Henry so appealing in other versions of his story. It is missing, too, in the drawings—powerful as they are. Both John Henry and Pollie Ann are shown in strenuous physical action. They are never shown "at ease." We do not see them wearing and enjoying their legendary clothes; the high silk hat, striped trousers, white vest, and "Prince Albert" coat for John Henry, the silks and satins and feathers for Pollie Ann. There is something missing, too, in the dialogue. Perhaps it will take a poet to write John Henry's story. As one of America's legendary heroes he deserves a better recording than this.

M. G. D.

PREP SCHOOL DAYS

THE MUDHEN. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Stephen Voorhies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 201 *pp.* $2.

THE Mudhen is John Crane, a senior in a prep-school that might be anywhere in New England or possibly New York. In the twelve adventures that faithfully reflect boys and their doings in a boarding school, the Mudhen emerges as a very likable person with a vivid imagination, a strong sense of humor, and a deep, although unexpressed, loyalty to his school. He is the leader of one of two "secret societies" that dominate the school life—the Eagles and the Bears. Inclined to be lazy and to bury himself in a book at a crisis, he still manages to think up and put into action the wild plans that make this book so real and so funny. We meet the Mudhen first when he is caught spying on the Bears.

—From "John Henry and the Double Jointed Steam Drill."

> He descended the ladder slowly, for even in that moment of stress his laziness had not forsaken him. Slothful and shrewd, contemptuous and cool—that was the Mudhen. Stooped like a school-master, his dark eyes half closed, a long overcoat flopping his lean legs and a tall fur cap on his peaked head, he crossed the floor, sank upon a box and sighed.

When you know him better you realive that the sigh is only the prelude to a complete outwitting of the Bears. The only time he really meets his match is when a girl comes into the picture.

This is a very funny story. In fact, the whole book is fresh and amusing and healthy. The boys are varied and natural and their feeling for the Old Guard, as they call the headmaster, is the feeling that most boys have for a wise and understanding "head." This is a school story that can be warmly recommended.

M. G. D.

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TREASURE HUNT

HURRICANE TREASURE: THE SECRET OF INJUN KEY. By Bert Sacket. Illustrated by Clayton Knight. New York: Random House. 1945. 229 *pp.* $2.

JED STRONG's interesting cruise in search of mahogany was abruptly interrupted by a request from his parents to find the boundary markers on their property in the Florida Everglades to prove their claim against a stranger who was trying to gain title to their land. What Jed thought to be a simple job turned out to be almost overwhelmingly difficult and fraught with danger. But Jed's determination to accomplish what his parents expected of him plus his love for the beautiful country drove him on to fight against all but insurmountable odds. A Seminole Indian boy whom he had befriended and a neighbor proved to be almost his only allies, but they were wise and strong enough to give him just the help he needed to succeed, as well as to gain possession of the unexpected treasure that his land concealed. It was this treasure that had driven the mysterious Mr. Smith and his henchmen to such lengths in trying to wrest the land from the Strongs and drive Jed away.

The story is absorbing and exciting enough for any boy. While Jed's difficulties in retrospect seem just too numerous, and the lengths to which his enemies go too appalling, the story is told so convincingly that one does not question while he is reading. The background of the Everglades and the Florida Keys and the Bay, the description of the storms and the hurricane are very vivid. Among mediocre drawings the illustrator has included a good descriptive map of Florida Bay.

RUTH A. HILL.

CHINESE ANNALS

THE LAND OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE. By Cornelia Spencer. Photographs by Courtesy of Asia *and* World Outlook. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 1945. 120 *pp.* $2.

THIS is an intelligent and human introduction to China's land and people, far more interesting than the frequent attempts to present factual material on China in story form. As in the other books of this series the first few chapters give an account of the land itself, its boundaries and topography, its crops and industries, the cities and the countryside. There follows six chapters of China's history.

It is no small task to telescope China's long, rich history into a few pages but the author has managed to do this effectively. She has touched the high lights, giving enough background and detail to make the reading interesting and to whet the appetite for more. At the same time she gives a quick but sufficiently adequate view of China's past, from her mythological beginnings to the present Japanese invasion. She helps her readers to understand, from the Western point of view, her past and the importance to all the world of her future.

It is the third part of the book, however, that is the most valuable contribution to the understanding of the Chinese people. In her description of family life and the importance of the family unit, the shops and shopkeepers, the artisans and their crafts, the food and the festivals, the people of all types, not forgetting such public servants as fortune tellers and water carriers, Miss Spencer shows a warmth and sympathy which is a natural result of a thorough knowledge of China and her people. There is a brief but excellent interpretation of Chinese art and the concluding chapter shows how Chinese philosophy gives China a rightful place in the family of nations striving for true democracy. The photographs illustrating the text are numerous and varied. They are particularly good of the people.

R. A. H.

PORTRAIT OF A NATION

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By Manorama R. Modak. Illustrated with Photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 109 *pp.* $2.

EXCELLENT full-page photographs immediately catch the reader's attention in this new history of India. Under Mrs. Modak's expert guidance he is introduced to India's history, geography, and national characteristics. The author, an American married to an Indian leader, writes in a clear, straightforward style of things that she knows thoroughly and deeply appreciates, often enriching her text with quotations from Indian classics and contemporary biography. In the chapter on the Indian Epic she quotes the verse in which the King takes leave of Shakuntala, his bride:

> It is my body leaves, my love, not I;
> My body moves away but not my mind;
> For back to her my struggling fancies fly
> Like silken banners borne against the wind.

We read of the heroes and heroines of today; of Ahalya Bai, the Queen of the Kingdom of Indore whom "Mohammadans as well as Hindus honored as a noble woman and as a saint and a righteous ruler," of the great poet and internationalist Tagore, of Gandhi and Nehru. Gandhi's crusade, difficult to grasp for the uninitiated, is described in clear and simple terms. One really understands why the title *Mahatma,* "the man with a great soul," was conferred upon him by the people. The author's knowledge and understanding completely wins the reader to India's cause. At the end she says: "In whatever way India reconstructs herself, two facts are certain; the fact that India is reborn and desires to face the world as a sovereign nation, and the fact that with rebirth she will throw away the dead wood of her life. What she does with her system of social organization called 'caste' and with other phases of her culture which some people consider outmoded are her own problems which she will solve in her own way, in her own time."

This book is a valuable addition to the series so justly called "Portraits of the Nations."

B. W. S.

—From "Belinda's New Shoes."

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the Phoenix Nest

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ST. FRANCIS

NOT long ago I received a letter from Vachel Lindsay's sister, Olive Lindsay Wakefield, which with an accompanying poem by him, I take pleasure in printing here:

HOPE FOR THE BRAVE

Would I might wake St. Francis in you all,
Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor;
Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
Come, let us chant the canticle again
Of mother earth and the enduring sun,
God make each soul the lonely leper's slave;
God make us saints and brave.*

It must be that Zofia Kossak's novel, "Blessed are the Meek," which makes St. Francis a living, breathing person for us, has pointed out for me, as never before, Vachel Lindsay's resemblance to his own great hero, St. Francis of Assisi. Do you remember how Vachel's friends felt about those tramping adventures while "preaching the gospel of beauty"? It was the same affectionate tolerance and condescending appreciation which St. Francis's half-converted friends felt toward the young Bernardone and his travels through the world.

For many years now, I've thought of Vachel, not alone as my brother, my constant companion in college and confidential friend, but as the brother of all the world. For such indeed he was. He truly loved "all sorts and conditions of men," whether they were the miners of Ridgely, near Springfield, or the moonshiners of the Southern mountains or the Negro laborers who befriended him on his travels as he tramped through this America of ours, in the attempt to see it at first-hand, to find out for himself what our democracy is like.

A letter from our friend, Dean Willard Sperry, of the Harvard Divinity School, worded this characteristic of Vachel's so well that I must quote it. "Vachel's intense provincialism represents a maturity of thought which was very great. Only people who have strong local affection can be truly catholic and international." Vachel's introduction to his "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" puts the same thought another way. He wrote:

The things most worth while are one's own hearth and neighborhood. We should make our home and neighborhood the most democratic, the most beautiful and the holiest in the world. The children now growing up should become devout gardeners or architects or park architects or teachers of dancing in the Greek spirit or musicians or novelists or poets or story writers or craftsmen or wood-carvers or dramatists or actors or singers. They should find their talent and nurse it industriously. They should believe in every possible application to art-theory of the thoughts of the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg address. They should, if led by the spirit, wander over the whole nation in search of the secret of democratic beauty with their hearts at the same time filled to overflowing with the righteousness of God. Then they should come back to their own hearth and neighborhood and gather a little circle of their own sort of workers about them and strive to make the neighborhood and home more beautiful and democratic and holy with their special art. . . .

It was this which he labeled "The New Localism"; the heart of his "Gospel of Beauty"; which he carried about with him, and distributed through the farmlands of Missouri and Kansas on his last walking trip in 1912, just before he wrote "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." Harriet Monroe and *Poetry,* a magazine of verse, hailed him then as an important new American poet. This small volume, the story of his experiences on that trip, Vachel himself considered his "central work." It was so he expressed it in a note to my husband, which he inscribed on the fly-leaf of a copy of the "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" during our never-to-be-forgotten Christmas season together in the old home, in December 1923. Here is part of what he wrote.

603 South Fifth Street
Springfield, Illinois
December 25, 1923

My dear Paul:

In many ways this will always be my central work. It records the trip to New Mexico—just before I caught the train at Wagon Mound and rode to Los Angeles (in the Pullman) and a little later in Los Angeles wrote "Booth."

It is the best possible commentary on all the poems in the "Booth" volume, because they were most of them from "Rhymes To Be Traded For Bread," and all of them written before "Booth" itself, like this book. People read this book only for adventure, but the proclamation and sermon are the important thing. . . . they map out my private life for a life-time, and in none of them is it hinted that recitation is to be my fate!

With love,

VACHEL.

In truth it did "map out" his private life, his aims and deepest hopes, for in 1929, when he returned to live in the home town, he did "gather a little circle" of his "own sort of workers" about him and strive to instill into them his ideas and dreams for making their neighborhood and home more "beautiful and democratic and holy." These were "the darlings of his heart," these were "the young." They, in turn, passed on their hopes and dreams for their city, to their fellows, to the next generation of high-school boys, who now are scattered throughout the world, still led by their dreams for a Golden Springfield and for a world where such dreams may have a chance to be carried out. Many of them dream in Vachel's own terms and use his very words. They recall, not just "The Congo" that captivated and thrilled them in high school; they soberly think of "The Leaden-Eyed" and "Factory Windows Are Always Broken." They think in terms of "The Net to Snare the Moonlight," of the time when every man in the world may possess his own small plot of ground, "a place of toil by daytime," and of "dreams when toil is done." Above all, they think of the building of that Springfield which *must* have "many Lincoln-hearted men" in order to "make a path of beauty clear between our riches and our liberty," where every citizen may "be rich toward God," and "Christ the beggar, teach divinity." They know too "A city is not builded in a day, and they must do their work and come and go, while countless generations pass away." Yet even this must not cause them to lose heart. Did not Vachel himself once warn them? "It takes three thousand years to make a California redwood, and it will take three thousand years to make an American city." Abraham Lincoln walks beside them in the jungle and speaks to them of the spirit dawn which yet *must* come, "the league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth, the shining hope of Europe free." As Vachel poured out in words his agony for the world, they now pour out their own in deeds, with the same desperate hope of helping to bring about the sort of world of which they dream—a world in which the rainbow flag of a united world government will be flying beside the nation standard in each capitol. Vachel had described this rainbow flag. He said it should be "a sewing together of all the flags of mankind; . . . with no regard for alliances or hostilities, but the flags arranged in alphabetical order or some such way. It would disturb few old loyalties while establishing a new one, introducing no new element except the idea of union." In such a fashion he made his own rainbow flag in 1918, by cutting up the flag page of the big dictionary. He pieced together, in one harmonious banner, a flag from each nation of the world and used it as his pennant glorifying the world state.

Was not this, in Shelley's words, "the trumpet of a prophecy"? Recently in

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that San Francisco where Vachel wrote of St. Francis, and found "what might be called the Franciscan soul of the Franciscan minority" in Professor and Mrs. E. Olan James across the Bay at Mills College—recently the greatest of World Conferences was held, a meeting of nations that would have gladdened his heart.

But the likeness of Vachel to St. Francis goes further. He had the truly Franciscan appreciation of all animate and inanimate nature. He loved "the souls of the tall corn," and the "gay little souls of the grass in the ground," as well as Rachel Jane with her enchanting song. Almost we can hear him talking to Brother Mouse and Sister Bee, and the Mysterious Cat, the chipmunk and the grasshopper who is "the brownies' racehorse, the fairies' kangaroo," not to mention the king of yellow butterflies and his men, the little turtle, so dear to all children, the two old crows, the crickets who went on a strike, and the broncho who would not be broken, whose death broke our hearts as well as Vachel's own. To me the cries of the worms "beneath the daisy beds" as they cursed the gardener in their black despair, and the ghosts of the buffaloes racing in splendor through the night were most moving of all. Once I asked Vachel about those earth worms whose story the garden toad reported, whether it meant the children in the slums. How scornfully he replied, "It means just what it says; don't try to make something else of it!"—But I still think it is one of the best of his social poems.*

In contrast to all this, is his intense devotion to his home town, the city of his "discontent," the city of visions, the city of "The Golden Book" of his dreams. With a veritable heartbreaking affection, he brooded over his city almost as Christ wept over Jerusalem. Indeed he once wrote to his dear friend, Eleanor Dougherty, Walter Hampden's sister, "No man consciously ever died for a city. I wonder how that could be done. Sometimes I feel that I could offer myself to the devil to be boiled alive, if only a beautiful city could be made in exchange." . . . and in another letter he wrote, "Like most all civilized people, you, Eleanor, must live on art visible, rather than on art invisible, if you are to be satisfied. I see so many dragons, demons and angels, that I do not need Paris, to speak frankly. Speaking as an artist, I have no such thirst ever. If I am alive enough to be thirsty, the angels bring me my drink. I usually am not that much alive, and dodder around like a June-bug, butting my head into nothing much. . . . I am undertaking to teach other Springfield people to see the angels, demons and dragons right here. . . . I have taken a vow to make this a city of dreamers or die trying."

Here are excerpts from some of his other letters to Eleanor. You may read them for yourself and see between the lines his spirit of unity with all men, his love for those of every race, creed, and color. The spirit is of St. Francis, but the words and phrases and the subjects he discusses are of our twentieth century. One of my young friends said of these letters of 1917 and 1918 "They are like releases for tomorrow's newspaper. They fit into our thinking today."

My dear Eleanor:

This morning I mailed my second Photo-play article to *The New Republic*. Then I began to answer a whole bushel of letters that have accumulated.

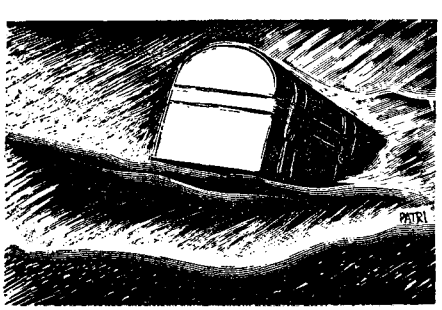
"The Birth of a Nation" passing through town, I went there tonight, and am almost converted to censorship. Why? Because the long battle with the censors has trimmed it into an infinitely more balanced and reasonable and artistic production than it was when I took Percy MacKaye to see it in New York two years ago. It really isn't so bad, even from a Northern standpoint now. And, by omission, it is more decent to the colored folks and the abolitionists. . . . It is still Thomas Dixonish, but hasn't his pronounced yellow streak. . . . At best, this film assumed that some people have a *right* to sit still, while others bring their food to them. . . . Mumbo Jumbo hoo-dooed the South in an infinite number of subtle ways and the poison is far more perverting than any Southerner realizes to this day. . . . The longer I live the more I am for Old John Brown, and if you ever hear of me being burned alive, it will be because I insisted on mounting the pyre with some Black who had not trial by jury. As long as white men are not burned alive without trial, black men should not be. . . . "The Birth of a Nation" is better than it was, but I am still for Old John Brown.

April 4, 1917.

My dear Eleanor:

There does not seem to me one chance in a hundred that you will get this letter. [Eleanor was in France helping as a volunteer nurse. O.L.W.] I take it for granted that the mermaids will get it. But I want to write to you tonight, even if there is little chance of your getting the letter or of your reading it with any great interest if it does get to you.

My heart is very sad tonight about the war. I have not the heart to challenge Wilson. I voted for him and cannot regret it—yet Jane Addams's dauntless fight for peace goes home to my soul. I feel with her—and with him—and am all torn inside. Certainly I have no sympathy with the fire-eaters. It is so easy to get killed for a cause—but it is a bitter thing to think of killing other people. I would a hundred times rather get killed than kill anybody. . . . I feel as guilty as if I had done it all tonight—or had a hand in it.



No man knows where the thing will end. The world may be starting on its French Revolution—and may not stop seething till everything has been turned over three times. . . . Certainly I hate war with all my soul. I would like to make a bargain with the devil and be crucified a hundred years, and thus abolish it, instead of going out and shooting up my fellow man—not so very certain I am abolishing anything. When I took my first big walk, I had conversations with old Southern soldiers who had been through all this. I suppose men went through it in King David's time.

Isn't it amusing that Springfield, the wettest city in the United States, voted itself dry yesterday? . . . If this town can go dry, it can do a lot of other impossible things.

Even if this letter goes to the bottom of the ocean, I am glad to have written it. I suppose I will always have the big circle of friends, and when it comes to the final intimacies, tread the winepress alone. Who cares how the inner watch ticks, so it keeps time? I lean to the dim ghost of you and make my vague confessions, and feel the better for it. . . . The world turns over and over, and you are writing letters to many soldiers at the front you do not know, like a good nurse and Christian. Well, the thought of such a person is a comfort. You have done a deal for me just by doing that.

With all proper nonsense,

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

October 12, 1918.

My dear Eleanor:

I find myself writing two letters to your one. . . . My pen is as impatient as your feet. So here, at quarter of twelve, Saturday night, after a really hard week's work, when I am unable to look at one more page of the "Golden Book," I still must soothe myself with a letter. It is like dancing after brick laying, though I have never done either.

The third edition of the German peace acceptance was on the street half an hour ago. . . . I find strange thoughts in me, on war and peace. I wonder if I am self-deceived. But it seems to me this is not the last chance good men all over the world will have to fight. Anything that lifts me out of the sheer mystical non-resistance that pacificism means in the face of the universe, persuades me to the next war. The ironical book, "Germany and the Next War," flashes before me as a warning. Yet the latter part of the "Golden Book" might be called, "America and the Next War," and I see my mind moves in the same channel, once I consent in my soul, to be a soldier in any exigency,—and I have consented long ago,—and would have been in the ranks today if this book had not seemed my first duty. And now I am so deep in the book, my mind is one hundred years ahead most all my waking hours, and often this war looks as far back as the Civil War. There has been, in spite of my one-

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hundred-year trance, a certain pressure from friends, so that it seemed almost unknightly to stay out, when so many were dying in the world's last crusade.

But I begin to see that this "world's last crusade" idea is an illusion. . . . "We won't come back till it's over, over there" is a rash promise. This is not my last chance to die, nor my last chance for martyrdom. I must have faith in life, and its unfolding, and finish my book and keep my nerve. I am quite sure that inside of five years, there will be crusades as risky as the present war, if not so popular, where a man may use his dead body as a vote on the side he chooses for the right. Personally I would rather die for the "poor nigger" than any other breed of man. It is easier to be martyred for France, than for a "nigger"; but I suspect I will have my chance in one of two other ways.

First, after the world government is formed, it will have to have an army pretty active in some quarter of the world, and perhaps an army as big as the present Allied forces, in some sudden secession exigency. But I think the more probable chance for me will come in some little row where strikers are being shot down. In such a case, I do not think I would quibble. I would be with the fool strikers, right or wrong. Sometimes I live like a Tory, I grow more Tory every day, but God grant I do not die that way. It would be like dying an infidel, or a blasphemer. I want a clean Christian death. Yet I see a possible thing to defend that may look Tory to half the radicals of the world,—the world government of which Wilson will likely be President. Though he lets Debs go to jail, yet I am for him, for he is a radical by comparison with the Mikado and the Kaiser, and I think they both will go down if his world government is firmly established. And it will be the first foundation of world order, worth all our blood.

The last two-thirds of my book puts the great war for the defense of the World Constitution against Secessionists, one hundred years hence. I am not sure it will wait that long. In my book I do everything I can to inculcate loyalty to the World flag, the flag of such a world Constitution as Wilson stands for. Since I commit myself to it in my book, I must be prepared to make every sacrifice for such a flag, if once it is set flying. So, this is my thought of death. Today is not my last chance to die or to suffer the limit of agony. Both are inevitable with mortal man. I must simply do my work and go forward. VACHEL.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 49*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN the death of James Taft Hatfield in Evanston, Ill., Oct. 4, we have lost our leading octogenarian DCer. For ten years his kindly, humorous comments have been a part of our enjoyment. His knowledge seemed infinite, but his way of imparting criticism, usually in rhyme, never left a sting. I first met Professor Hatfield, Emeritus, of Northwestern University, when he came to New York for a brief New Year's stay some seven years ago. In the fall of '42 when he was visiting his son on the faculty of Williams College and I chanced to be at work there on DC's, he took his first lesson in making DC's. Here is a typical communication:

Your logographic word-parade
Augments our verbal stock-in-trade:
In grateful praise we gladly join
For words you find—and words you
coin.

Letters continue to arrive asking for the qualifications for membership in the Crostics Club, and at the risk of being repetitious I'd like to clear the matter in this column. The name was given the column at its inception several years ago by Norman Cousins when he proposed such a medium for taking care of the various mooted questions arising in regard to the making and the solving of DC's. It serves to weld together those of us who are interested in DC's—such interest being the only qualification for "membership." Although I try to acknowledge your individual letters, the column gives me a happy chance to share them with all of you.

In connection with our correspondence, it occurred to me on receipt of a recent note of general comment from Professor George Wagner, Emeritus, of Wisconsin University (from which I will quote in a later column) that some of you might like to send me in the course of the year a sort of summing up of the year's DC's from your individual points of view, respectively. Such a letter might deal with the choice of selections, definitions, time taken in solving, and any other facets of interest. Twice we have made a mess of trying to keep weekly tabs of time spent in solving each puzzle, in response to those who like to compare with other puzzlers. But the report I have in mind would cover the year. I would gladly reproduce facts from it in this column and utilize feasible suggestions. Such, however, should not preclude individual criticisms from week to week. Make notes for yourself each week and send them to me, as I suggest, once a year. How does such a scheme appeal to you?

That I occasionally use a French or a German word indicates no special erudition in those languages as some of you imply. I find them in the dictionary as I go along and I appropriate them for you.

OCTOBER 20, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 604

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

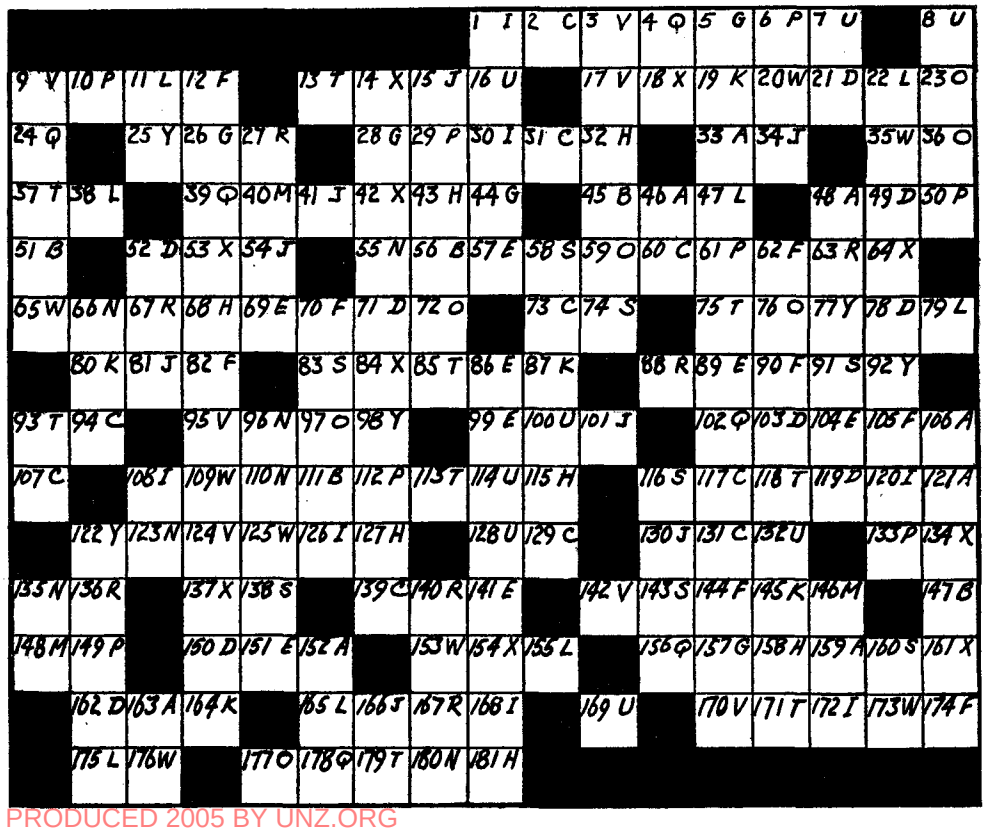
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 41 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A poet (**Figuratively**).
B. A repository, as in a church for vestments, etc.
C. A fish of the genus *Aulostomus* (Zoöl.)
D. Site of Oklahoma College for Women.
E. Plates of iron or steel in medieval armor for shoulder protection.
F. Novel by Hall Caine (with "The").
G. Indisposed to move or act.
H. The fish hawks.
I. Nickname of one of the North Central states, U. S.
J. An inequality of the moon's motion in its orbit, due to sun attraction (Astron.)
K. Father of Aaron, Moses, Miriam (Bib.)
L. English portrait painter buried in crypt of St. Paul's (1723-92).
M. Ancient goddess of Night (Gr. Myth.)
N. Recessed work (Arch.)
O. States positively but without proof.
P. Segregated and detained, as aliens in war.
Q. Videlicet.
R. A kind of cloth hood covering the ears (worn by the Russians).
S. Not regularly (3 wds.)
T. Indian-whoop call of Dartmouth College (Comp.)
U. The black panther in "The Jungle Books."
V. Stamp; mark of distinction.
W. Sweepings; trash.
X. English impresario of Gilbert and Sullivan operas (1844-1901).
Y. Exercises a controlling influence.

WORDS

106 159 33 46 152 163 121 48
147 45 56 111 51
94 117 2 129 107 31 73 60 139 131
150 49 103 21 78 52 71 162 119
151 89 69 141 99 104 86 57
82 62 70 174 12 105 144 90
5 26 28 157 44
158 115 43 68 127 32 181
1 172 108 126 168 120 30
101 15 54 41 130 166 34 81
80 164 87 19 145
38 22 155 47 175 165 11 79
148 146 40
110 66 123 96 135 55 180
76 59 23 97 177 36 72
112 6 61 133 10 29 50 149
178 156 4 39 102 24
88 67 136 140 63 27 167
83 138 74 116 143 91 58 160
118 37 13 75 93 113 171 179 85
8 169 7 100 132 16 114 128
9 3 95 124 142 170 17
173 125 153 35 20 109 65 176
161 137 134 154 64 18 14 53 84 42
122 77 25 98 92



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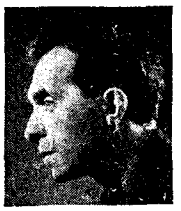
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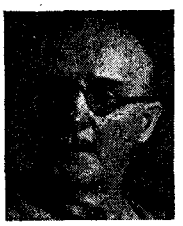
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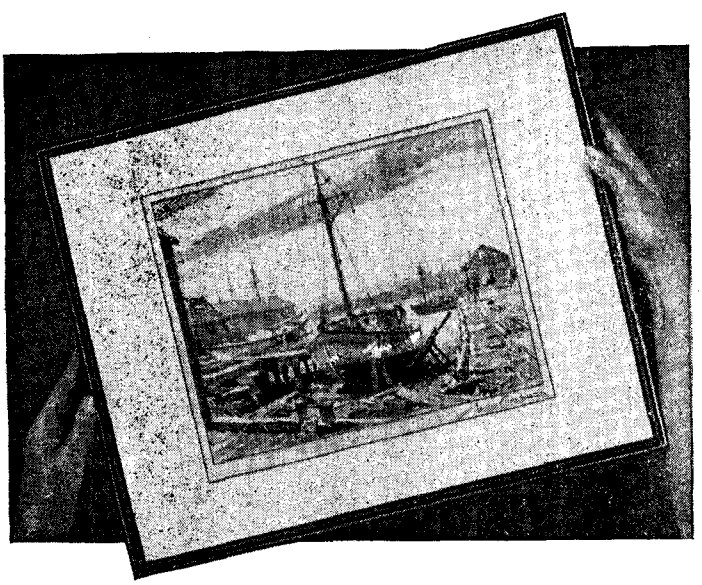

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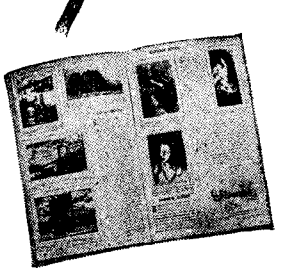
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